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Art. I. *The Study of Medicine.* By John Mason Good, M.D. F.R.S., &c. In Five Volumes. 8vo. Second Edition. Price 3l. 15s. London, 1825.

IN bringing this book before our critical tribunal, we do not violate that principle which has been our usual guide in reference to works purely professional. Such works are more properly confined to the jurisdiction of professional journals; but the volumes now before us possess general interest; and while they are so constructed, both in manner and materials, as to furnish important reading to the mere medical student, they, at the same time, are so rich in collateral and various information, and are written in a style so free from technical phraseology, that we feel ourselves acting consistently with our avowed plan in calling our readers' attention to their contents.

It is far, however, from the design of the present article, to analyze a treatise which professes to be, and in truth is, a comprehensive system of medical doctrine and practice. We shall limit the following disquisition to a few leading points, and embrace the opportunity which the notice of such a work affords, of introducing some brief remarks on the theory and practice of medicine generally.

Whether the art of healing diseases be built upon a stable foundation; what has been, and what now is the influence of its doctrines upon its practice; how far the arrangement and classification of morbid affections may proceed upon principles similar to those which regulate the pursuits of natural history; and under what restrictions medicine may be made a popular study; are questions, the agitation of which involves matter of no trivial interest to readers at large, and which are therefore proposed for present discussion.

There are some persons who even contend that the word science is improperly applied to medical speculations and practice; and they go so far as to conceive that the application

of those dogmata upon which curative attempts are founded, have, in the aggregate, been productive of mischief rather than of good : in other words, they imagine, that it might have been better for the human race, had no remedial processes ever been instituted or acted upon.

To the question, however, 'Is there any reality in medicine?' the defender of the art has only, in reply, to refer to the most simple effects of medicinal substances. Do but allow that opium is capable of mitigating pain, merely concede that ipecacuan has a sort of specific effect upon the stomach, and some forms or doses of antimony upon the skin, and your concession implies the required admission. But, whether the practical use that has been made of these simple and elementary observations, if we may so term them, have in the long run proved beneficial or injurious, may further become a subject of doubt and disputation ; and there is in fact, a great deal both of covert and confessed scepticism abroad, in reference to this particular.

Passing by the ridicule of those whose business it is to deal in the ridiculous, and not for the present noticing the more serious and formal oppugnancy of the unprofessional to the claims and consequence of medicine, we shall find, even in the admission and avowals of professors themselves, indications of what might be considered a hostile feeling towards their own vocation. 'The difference,' says a celebrated practitioner, 'between no physician at all and a good one, may not be very great, but between a bad and a good one it is almost infinite.' This seems plainly to imply a belief in the positive evil, and only probable good, of therapeutic interference with the economy of nature ; and it is but a very few years since, that a respectable member of a medical university published an argumentative tract, the object of which was to prove, that the most common and formidable of all diseases, fever, if left to itself, would be found to terminate as speedily, as when taken under the auspices of the most judiciously regulated practice ; nay, that, practise how you please, the average result would be uniform.

If, in addition to these and many other intimations that might be adduced of a like bearing, we take into account the differences of opinion that to this very day obtain among speculatists,—some, for instance, strenuously contending that fever is inflammation of the brain, while others deny that febrile and inflammatory action have any thing in common ; one telling you that cathartics are well nigh catholicons, while another asserts that this almost unqualified recommendation and administration of purgatives, 'only proves what blunders and ab-

'surd method of treatment, the human body can in certain circumstances withstand:' if, moreover, we recollect, that one of the latest and most able writers on medicine has found it necessary to argue for its certainty as a science, and utility as an art, we shall, at any rate, on the first blush of the business, incline to the inference that there is a greater want of proof of its stability, than will be found in any other department of scientific investigation.

But this, to say the least, is the dark side of the picture; and we apprehend that, in spite of the many incentives to sceptical feeling, an impartial investigation of the matter would lead to the conclusion, that the art in question is entitled not only to the confidence, but the gratitude of the public; and that the vocation of a medical practitioner, who shall combine liberal feelings with liberal acquirements, who shall be guided by conscience, and guarded by knowledge, is one which yields to no other on the score of dignity and worth.

Even if medicine were an evil, it is one of man's own seeking. '*Nusquam non est*,' says Celsus. Instinctively to seek relief from physical suffering, is but to obey the first impulse of nature; and those who argue against therapeutic science, on the ground of its interference with nature, are in some sort guilty of an absurd fatalism. The whole economy of life, more especially of civilised and social existence, consists in an application of power in opposition to evil; and if, as is the case, by the very process of diminishing its quantity, we make ourselves more obnoxious to what remains, the fault lies in the frailty of our being, or rather, we should say, in our own volitions, since, by refining upon simplicity, we make a voluntary barter of one species of good for another.

To infer, then, as some have done, the nugatory nature of medicine from the continuance of disease, is to deal unfairly with the subject; and, on the other hand, if it can be proved that the subduction of physical evil bears any thing like a proportion to the quantum in which it is generated, not only the certainty, but the practical importance of the science is thereby substantiated.

In consistency with the principle just adverted to, it will be found, that the kind of sickness which rages in spite of the interference of art, is such as immediately results from artificial habits; while, on the contrary, those to which we are obnoxious without reference to these sources, are very considerably controlled and diminished by the interposition of medical science. Thus, apoplexy, palsy, gout, consumption, and the whole range of maladies that are comprised under the sweeping de-

nomination of nervous, are more frequent in modern times, while 'the present generation may congratulate itself on its improved condition, with regard to those great sources of human misery, epidemic and endemic disorders.'

The author whose words we have just been using, has been most laudably engaged in computing the comparative healthiness of the present with former periods; and it is highly satisfactory to find, that human health and longevity are so superior in this age to that immediately preceding it, as to afford the chance of nearly one-third more of earthly existence; so that we have a demonstration of art re-acting upon, and ultimately lessening its first evils. For, while the above marked melioration in the physical condition of this age and country is partly referrible, according to the candid admission of the highly respectable author who has favoured us with the above estimate, 'to the more ample supply of food, clothing and fuel, better habitations, improved habits of cleanliness and ventilation in persons and houses, and greater sobriety;' yet, some of it, at the very least, may be fairly attributed to 'an improved medical practice;' not to say that much of the advantage is clearly traceable to the due application of medical polity to the practical arts of life. For ourselves, indeed, we are inclined to believe, that the control we at present possess over infectious disorders, and more especially the lessened mortality from small-pox, with the decided improvement that has recently obtained in respect to the management of infancy and early life, are the main causes of the lessened sickness and mortality of the times. Yet, to admit this, and not to give some share of credit to the exertions of enlightened physicians, were surely unreasonable.*

* We should not be doing justice to Sir Gilbert Blane, the highly respectable author to whom we are indebted for the above estimate, were we to withhold the document from our readers to which we have above alluded. 'It is built,' he says, 'on a comparison of two similar financial operations of life annuities; one in the year 1693, the other in the year 1789. The evidence is that of mathematical demonstration, and the facts are of unquestionable accuracy, the ages and lives being recorded in the Exchequer. They are exhibited in the following table, the fidelity and exactness of which will not be doubted, when the reader is informed, that the author is indebted to Mr. Finlaison, one of the most able calculators of this age, and is part of a series of labours in which he is assiduously engaged for the general benefit of society, as well as the state.'

It has been above stated that, according to the opinion of an ingenious speculatist, facts are against the available influence of remedial attempts to mitigate the violence or shorten the duration of fever; but another writer, to whom medical literature stands highly indebted, has shewn the inferences upon which this opinion was founded to be completely unwarranted, even by the very data from which they were drawn.

'The difficulty,' says Dr. Young, 'in determining how far the event of a case was unavoidable, and how far it depended on the treatment, may be illustrated by the example of the very candid Dr. Brown, who has lately examined, with great apparent accuracy, the

'A Table exhibiting the Law of Mortality in two different Periods.'

Ages.	Mean duration of life reckoning from		So that the increase of mortality is in the inverse ratio of 110 to
	1693.	1789.	
5	41.05	51.20	125
10	38.93	48.28	124
20	31.91	41.33	130
30	27.57	36.09	131
40	22.67	29.70	131
50	17.31	22.57	130
60	12.29	15.52	126
70	7.44	10.39	140

And we further find, by reference to the statements made pursuant to the population act, that 'the number of marriages and baptisms indicates that the existing population of England and Wales in 1801, was to that of 1780, as 117 to 100; while the amount of registered burials remained stationary during the same period.' Indeed, the 'total amount of burials authorizes a satisfactory inference of diminishing mortality in England since the year 1780.'

The Proportion in the Metropolis may be seen in the following Table.

5 years ending	Burials.	Christenings.	Proportion to 100 Christenings.
1780	20,743	17,256	120
1785	18,880	17,263	109
1790	19,657	18,465	166
1795	20,228	18,800	107
1800	19,131	18,708	102

From the result of a close calculation, it appears, that the proportion of annual deaths in London in the year 1750, was 1 in 23, and in the year 1801, only 1 in 31:

records of a public institution, conducted by men of the highest celebrity in their profession, and has thought himself under the disagreeable necessity of inferring from them that the course of fever is nearly, if not fully as tedious and as severe when treated by the best established remedies, as when totally left to nature. Happily, however, for the credit of physic, this conclusion appears, upon proper consideration and calculation, to be completely unwarranted by the registers from which he has deduced it. In fact, the results of about 300 cases of fever admitted into the infirmary in question, may be very simply stated in this manner. The mean duration of the whole disease was twelve days; the mean time of admission was between the sixth and seventh day; but the mean duration of those cases which were admitted at the commencement of the disease, was somewhat less than nine days. Since it may be inferred, not only that the duration was shortened at least three days by the early employment of medical agents; but also that this difference was the effect of a difference of only three days and a half in the time of the whole treatment; since the remedies were employed for nine days in the one instance, and for five and a half in the other; consequently, that if these five days and a half had been suffered to elapse without medical treatment, the whole period of the disease would have been lengthened four or five days by the omission, at least if we adopt the simplest supposition respecting the proportion of cause and effect; and that the natural duration of the disease thus determined would have been sixteen days, instead of twelve; so that the means employed must be allowed to have a claim to the merit of reducing the duration of the fever from about sixteen days to nine: without taking into account the different proportion of fatal cases, which is not the immediate object of our author's investigation.'

But, when the comparison is further made to bear upon the fatality of fever according as it shall be left to itself, or subjected to the influence of artificial means, the inference will be found, we believe in all cases, decidedly and largely in favour of medicine. It is difficult indeed, in the present circumstances of society, to institute such comparisons as, from their extent, should satisfactorily bear upon the question; but we recollect seeing, in some documents respecting the epidemic that prevailed in this country and in Ireland a few years since, statements that were satisfactory on this head: we are sorry that it is just now out of our power to substantiate our position by a direct appeal to the documents themselves, but we remember being impressed, at the time the written accounts passed through our hands, with the remarkable evidence they furnished in favour of medicinal interference as opposed to no treatment whatever; and in the volumes now before us, we are supplied with unquestionable and striking testimony to the same truth. In the interesting and masterly descriptions of the spasmodic cholera of India, given by Dr. Good, we find the

following statement, which, so far as the particular disorder it refers to is concerned, will be allowed at once to set the question at rest.

‘ Of the dreadful spread and havoc of this cruel Asiatic scourge, we may form some idea from the report to the Medical Board at Bombay, by George Ogilvie, Esq., Secretary. The population in this district alone is calculated at from 200,000 to 220,000; the total number of ascertained cases amounted to 15,945, giving a proportion of seven and a half per cent. Of these cases, 1294 sick had been without receiving medicine or medical aid; and there is reason to believe that of these every individual perished. Mr. Ogilvie, indeed, expressly asserts, that it was not ascertained that any case had recovered in which medicine had not been administered; while it was gratifying to learn, on the other hand, that, among those who had received the advantages of the judicious and active plan concurrently pursued, the proportion of deaths was reduced to 6.6 per cent., an alarming mortality still, but a marvellous improvement upon the natural course of the disease. In other parts of India, indeed, the deaths under the same plan of treatment seem to have been still fewer; for Dr. Burrell, surgeon to the sixty-fifth regiment, at Jeroor, out of sixty cases, makes a return of only four deaths; and Mr. Craw, on the same station, asserts that, on early application for relief, the disease in his opinion “ is not fatal in more than one in a hundred cases.” ’

It has been proved, by reference to the works of Hippocrates, that more than one half of a given number of acute diseases, terminated fatally when left to the unassisted efforts of nature. Now this record, as far as it can be brought to apply in the way of comparison with modern times, is greatly in favour of artificial means of relief; for the highest rate of mortality, even in hospital practice, in the same diseases, is only one in seven; and the accredited reports from several public institutions average it much under; so that the positive good of medicine is proved almost to the extent of absolute demonstration when it is judged of abstractedly, and upon the supposition that the interference of art has been principled and judicious. When, indeed, we take into account the absurdity and practical mischief that have been occasionally connected with some of its principia; when we contemplate the unavoidable difficulties that are attendant upon its legitimate exercise, and the vast numbers of illegitimate and unprincipled and ignorant pretenders that have always been at hand to answer the calls of credulity; it may, we admit, be still regarded as an unsolved problem, whether, in the long run, a greater quantity of evil or of good has resulted from the institution of artificial counteractives to natural evils. But of this more immediately.

We have above proposed to canvas the question respecting the influence of medical doctrines upon medical practice ; for, on this head too, as well as on the credit due to medicine itself, much difference of sentiment has obtained. Some, in all ages and countries, have objected to the very principle of hypothetical and speculative reasoning, on the ground that theories of disease are mere creatures of the fancy, and leave the practical indications founded upon unassisted observation the same as they found them ; and this, to a certain extent, must be allowed to be a valid objection to theoretical medicine ; but it principally lies against those systems which either confound final with efficient causes, or attempt to strain natural philosophy into an *unnatural* adaptation to organized being. Thus, it would not prove of material consequence, whether we set about our curative measures under the notion of the Enormon of Hippocrates, the Dunamis of Galen, the Archæus of Helmont, or the Rational Soul of Staahl, since these are different modes of expressing the same thing, or rather of expressing nothing at all. Neither would the vast and whimsical discrepancies of the mathematical reasoners on the subject of vital laws make much difference in practical indication ; for, whether with Borelli we fix the projectile force of the heart at one hundred and eighty thousand pounds, or estimate it with Keil at eight ounces, we should find it impossible to regulate remedial forces upon either one datum or the other ; but be compelled to forsake closet lore for clinical information. It had been well, however, for medicine and the public, had speculations on life always proved thus negative and neutral in respect to the institution of therapeutical processes : but this has not been the case ; and we are unfortunately borne out by the history of medicine in asserting, that much sacrifice of human life has been made in the course of ages to false theory. ‘ Millions, in fact, have died of medicable wounds,’ from the circumstance of nature and instinct and good sense having been vanquished by the frightful force of hypothetical ratiocination. ‘ It is a curious fact,’ says Mr. Moore in his entertaining History of Small Pox, ‘ that, in the earlier practice of inoculation, almost all the subjects of it recovered who were committed to the care of old women and priests ; while the mortality was awfully large among the patients of the professional inoculators ;’—and why was this ? Simply because the former, having no theory to obey, listened to the voice of nature and common sense, while the latter continued in their obstinate adherence to system in spite of nature’s dictates.

Even to this day, we shall find that preconceived notions of pathology have a large influence upon practice. The physi-

cians of our own country and of France, for instance, set about the actual treatment of disease with different feelings and in a different manner; the expectant or waiting plan being the favourite with the majority of French practitioners, while with us, there is an impatience and boldness, characteristic perhaps of the country, dashing in at once upon the commencing series of morbid processes, and waiting for nothing but the effects of medicinals.

Without, indeed, crossing the Channel, we meet with assumptions and inferences so various in their kind and character, that they cannot fail of leading to different results in practice; and when we hear one speculatist assure his disciples, that freeing the assimilating organs from an incumbent load, and establishing new secretions in the stomach and connected viscera, constitutes the whole of medicine; when we listen to the equally confident assertion of another, that it is the blood-vessels of the head, and not the condition of the stomach, that must be looked to for the cure of disease; while a third tells us, that if we keep in our possession and make a good use of the key to the hepatic functions, we accomplish all that man can do in the way of curative art; we find it idle to talk of the trifling influence that doctrine exerts over practice. True it is, that while these speculative disputants are busily engaged in settling minutiae of faith, other individuals, and perhaps the majority, smile and pass on to the substantials of sight and sense; while others again, in the exercise of an eclectic spirit, choose what seems to them good and consistent from the mass of discrepant matter before them, and reject the other as the *magnæ* or *meræ nugæ* of ardent minds. Yet, even among those who feel the least inclined to implicit faith in fashionable dicta, some tincture will be perceived, in the tenor of their prescriptions, of the reigning theories of the day. Thus, alteratives and blue pill are administered by the same individual who, had he practised some thirty years since, would have been ordering bark and steel; and thus, the empirical *routinist* becomes in one sense more the subject and slave of system than even the determined follower of favourite hypotheses.

After all, however, good sense deserves to be, and actually will be, the great authority in an art which, more than any other art, is one of judgement rather than of precept; and that practical medicine is greatly improved in this our day, is materially owing to the comparative freedom with which its professors think and act. They do not condemn reasoning, they do not decry theory, because, if they do, they must cease in consistency to perform the functions of rational beings; for, 'to think is to theorize,' and a process of thought necessarily

precedes a process of acting; but they endeavour to preserve an influential recollection, that *a-priori* reasonings and deductions from plausible systems, must, in medicine, succumb to individual observation, and that, at the best, a great deal of practical tact will necessarily prove of the most untheoretical and empirical nature.

An acknowledgement of these imperfections in the art constitutes, indeed, in a great measure, the superiority of modern over ancient medicine; and the more this independent feeling pervades our researches in pathology, and guides our steps through practice, the more will the science be shaped into an implement of good, and the more satisfaction will attend its pursuit and practice. 'Ninety-nine out of a hundred medical facts are medical lies, and all medical doctrines are stark staring nonsense,' is the assertion of one having authority in these matters,* who, however, almost in the same breath, expresses his conviction that medicine is an important calling, and in an improving state.

On the head of classification and nomenclature, we are sorry to differ *toto calo* from Dr. Good. It has always appeared to us, that the very attempt to identify a disease or to give it a substantial existence, from certain parts and properties, as you name a plant by its specific and generic characters, is to assume and proceed altogether upon erroneous principles,—to suppose a something which in reality does not exist. Were it otherwise,—did a certain aggregate number of external symbols always justify the predication of the same internal state, then indeed there would be some ground for a nosological arrangement and generic nomenclature. But that this is not the case, a single example adduced at random will directly prove. Cough, spitting of blood, pain in the side, emaciation, are very often the exterior shewing of that interior condition which would be conceived necessary to constitute consumption; and an inexperienced person might be induced to suppose that the malady could not be established without displaying all the above evidences of its existence. But observation teaches differently; for at times, all the above signs shall present themselves in conjunction, while the actual state of the lungs is widely different from that which they would be thought to denote; and, on the other hand, pulmonary disorganization may proceed to a fatal extent without being marked by these distinguishing features.

When, indeed, systematizers name a disease, we must, for

* The late Dr. Gregory of Edinburgh.

the most part, take such enunciation as having in it something presumptive and uncertain, unless, indeed, by a sort of metonymical management, they substitute the cause for the actual condition, in the manner that is done when it is said of an individual, that he has got a cold, or the measles, or the small-pox. But even supposing this principle of designation to obtain universally, a source of uncertainty and confusion is immediately obvious, since cold will sometimes derange in one way, and sometimes in another; and even small-pox shall prove a very dissimilar distemper in two subjects that shall be simultaneously implicated by the same infection. There is further an impediment, and that of the most formidable kind, to precision and accuracy in nomenclature, when the cause is made use of for the effect, inasmuch as a diversity of sentiment exists on the actual essence of the cause itself. For example, the term Typhus, in the minds of many physicians, gives rise to the idea of a specific, peculiar contagion as its source; others, again, conceive that the true typhoid disorder may result as well from common as from specific causes, and that contagion is not indispensable towards its formation; while a third order of systematizers deride altogether the notion of contagious miasm as the source of typhus, and contend that the classification is absolutely erroneous, which identifies fever with what they, in contradistinction, term the specific contagions, such as small-pox and measles. It is evident, therefore, that neither a congeries of symptoms, nor an implied cause, nor a determinate notion of effect, will justify abstract nomenclature: and if, thus, the mere naming of a disease be attended with so much difficulty, how must the difficulty be enhanced when we attempt to arrange and classify according to analogical appearance!

We find, in Dr. Cullen's system, hæmorrhage from the lungs, and intermittent fever, in the same class: why? Is it because the two maladies possess any thing in common, like the number and shape of petals in a plant? No, it is simply because both disorders, widely dissimilar as they are in cause and character, are apparently disorders of the blood-vessels. So, in our present Author's most ingenious and elaborate classification, we actually find pulmonary consumption separated from respiratory disorders, on the same ground of its being a sanguineous derangement.

It is then, we repeat, our most decided opinion, that to apply the modes and terms of natural history to so fugacious and uncertain a science as symptomatology, is to fall into the ancient error of assuming without data for assumption, and of raising nominal into real essences. Dr. Good must further pardon us

for saying, that, with the utmost respect for his learning and his tact, we have been sometimes disposed to smile at, and oftener to sleep over his elaborate disquisitions bearing upon the distinction between genera and species.

But we shall, perhaps, be asked, how teachers are to define, and writers to designate, without the aid of some artificial system. In reply to this question, we would say, Take an anatomical ground for your distinctions, and discourse first of disorders of the head, then of the chest, and so on; and with respect to those diseases which do not necessarily or obviously implicate any one part exclusively, let these be named either by a prominent symptom, or, if they unquestionably proceed from a specific cause, let that cause continue to be a specification of the malady. Fully aware we are, that several derangements would occur under this system of nomenclature, that would be nominally the same, while their actual locality and origin were different. Epilepsy, for instance, though treated of in the topographical manner we propose, as a head affection, may occasionally be traceable to stomach or intestinal disturbance. But still, the want of precision on this score would certainly not be greater than in the artificial systems, and it would be incumbent on the instructor to allow for this drawback on correct statement in respect of localities.

At the same time, however, that we thus object to Dr. Good's, in common with all other classifications, we think it our duty to say, that some of his proposals for correcting the nomenclature of morbid states are in the highest degree worthy of attention. There exists, unluckily, a great hinderance to any effectual revolution in the science of terminology, on the score of the difficulty of its commencement; and we cannot expect established habits to yield up their force at once to the exertions of modern ingenuity. A writer, however, who, like Dr. Good, is likely to become a classic in his particular department, does well to criticise old and absurd, and introduce new and scientific terms; and we recommend to all authors, who may either be confined to monographs, or who shall have occasion to be more excursive in their dissertations, to take Good's *Nosology* in hand, and study it well, before they designate the diseases on which they may be about to treat. We were especially pleased with his objections against jumbling together into one term, bits and scraps from more than one, or sometimes more than two languages.

It further behooves us to say, while expressing our disinclination to a systematic arrangement conceived upon abstract principles and ideal combinations, that we are at the same time averse from the merely analytical and *topographical* methods

of cultivating the art. Anatomy, natural and morbid, is, with some, in the present day, all in all. They can see nothing beyond what 'the blood and filth of the dissecting room' teaches them, and appear to estimate as futile and frivolous every thing beyond organic lore. In all this, there is, to our minds, manifest error on the opposite side; and were we not a little fearful of the nationality the illustration might seem to imply, we would appeal to the circumstances of the French school, as contrasted with our own, in defence of this allegation against mere analytic pathology and practice; we would remind the defenders of this plan that, while our ingenious rivals beat us out and out as to tracing structure, and developing the minutiae of organization, we, who generalize more freely and act more decisively, are, almost by the confession of foreigners themselves, more successful in the treatment of disease. They have the ingenuity, we have the *genius* of medicine.

We are now to say a few words on the question of unprofessional medicine. One of the great disadvantages under which the art labours in the present day, compared with what was formerly the case, consists in this, that faith is less strong on the part of the patient, and therefore, the process of cure is more difficult on the part of the physician. It must be confessed, that, even in these times of boasted enfranchisement, there is no lack of experiments, and often of the most successful kind, upon the credulity of man; but still, the practice of healing through the medium of the imagination has, in a great measure, passed from the hands of the principled and regular professors into those who give up conscience for the sake of gain. Now it is not too much to assert, that precisely the same medicinal will be attended with a variation of effect, as prescribed by different practitioners, or taken under different impressions; and it is of little consequence, provided the wished-for effect be produced, 'whether a person,' as a modern author expresses it, 'be healed through the medium of his fancy or his stomach.'

In this instance, then, the decrease of faith proves, in one point of view, the folly of wisdom; and it had been better, probably, on the whole, had the restless, inquiring spirit of the age not broken in upon the superstitious ritual of therapeutic science. But the spell is broken, and whether evil or good result, circumstances must be yielded to. It now then becomes the only question, what bent should be given to unprofessional inquiries? Is it desirable that mere empirical compilations of diseases and antidotes should be thrown before the public eye? Or should the intelligent reader, out of the profession, be invited to the study of more liberal and philosophic productions? For

ourselves, we are inclined to prefer the latter species of public instruction; and we would say that an individual of general knowledge, who should be desirous of adding physic to his stock of acquirements, would be much more profitably employed in studying the volumes of Dr. Good, than in poring over the pages of domestic medicine. There is no fear that our unprofessional reader should become too learned; for, let every leaf of Dr. Good's book be attentively perused and re-perused, and after all, an apothecary's apprentice shall beat our erudite theorist in practical tact;—to so small an extent will precept apply, unless accompanied by practical initiation into the routine of the art. Indeed, it is quite as impossible, in the very nature of things, that a man should become his own physician, as that he should supersede the tradesman's craft, and make his own habiliments.

The popular study of scientific treatises would tend to make the public more fully aware of this truth, and would serve to convince the world, that medicine is not a craft, but a liberal calling; that while its pursuits and practice must partake of the defects which stamp all that is human, its professors, at least those who deserve to be so named, are guided by philosophical views, and regulated by the best feelings in their exertions for the public weal.

It is in this way that public instruction in the mysteries of medicine, if it must be had, might be made to turn to good account; and it is perhaps in this way at last, that quackery of all sorts, whether more covert or more conspicuous, is the most likely to be effectually undermined. For, although individuals cannot by mere reading be taught how to practise, they may be taught how to appreciate the practitioner; and they may learn likewise this most useful lesson, that those pretensions to particular power and to the possession of secret methods of cure, which the unprincipled lay claim to, must, in the very nature of things, be without any other foundation than deceit and knavery; they will be made more fully aware, that, although crowds of *post hoc* attestations should still proclaim the virtues of a nostrum, the announcement of such a virtue is nevertheless a lie, its proprietors are deceivers, and its participants are deceived.

‘When a man,’ says Mr. Moore, ‘asserts he has been cured of a particular disease by a certain drug, he is apt to think he is declaring a fact which he knows to be true; whereas this assertion includes two opinions, in both of which he may be completely mistaken. The first is, an opinion of his having had the disease specified; the second, that the medicine employed removed the disease.’

‘The character of the person for whose advantages these asser-

tions are made and affidavits taken, is little understood by the public. Reflect for a moment what kind of man that must be who is base enough to conceal a medicine endowed with the power of curing cancer, gout, consumption, or any of the deplorable distempers that afflict mankind. If such a discovery were absolutely made and kept secret, the discoverer must be both a villain, for concealing what would save thousands from misery and death, and a fool, because by this conduct he lives despised and probably poor, whereas the disclosure of such a secret would infallibly procure him honour and riches.

'Lists of cases,' the same writer goes on to say, '*however certified*, rather deceive than enlighten. The regular physician, who adopts this method of proving a medical fact, takes the very path he ought most sedulously to shun. Yet, if any one should attempt, by investigating each particular case, to refute it, he would soon discover the impossibility of succeeding. I have been requested on various occasions to make such researches, and generally found that the patients were completely convinced of the truth of the attestation, whether the remedy was physic, magnetism, or a tractor. In short, they were ready to take the most solemn oath of what was quite impossible to be true.'

We now propose hastily to survey some of the most interesting parts of Dr. Good's valuable volumes. Were it not that we object to classification altogether, at least in the artificial manner proposed by the nosologists, we should say, our Author had chosen the right path in adopting a functional division. But we meet, *in limine*, with one essential and insuperable objection to this plan, even did we allow that the principle of nosological arrangement were at all tenable. It is this; that we often presume, rather than prove, what function was especially implicated at the commencement of morbid action. Admitting, for instance, that the word asthma stands as a legitimate cognomen for the internal condition it is designed to designate, how can it, with any propriety, be classed as an affection either of the respiratory, or digestive, or sanguineous, or nervous functions, till it is agreed, (which is not the case,) whether it be a sympathetic or an inherent,—a structural or a spasmodic complaint?

There is, however, one advantage which the plan before us assuredly possesses, and one of which Dr. Good has availed himself with happy effect, viz. that it affords an opportunity of preliminary dissertation on the general physiology and pathology of each particular function, prior to going through in detail the several affections of the class. We recommend to the young student of medicine, and to the amateur reader of Dr. Good's volumes, particular attention to these proems. Here and there, indeed, we find that the learned Author has scarcely

done sufficient justice to some very recent suggestions in physiological science ; or, in other words, has not brought his inspection sufficiently to bear upon his contemporary labourers in this department of philosophy ; but, taken as a whole, these prefatory essays may, we think, be pronounced far superior, both in matter and manner, to any thing that our language has hitherto furnished.

The order in which the functions are arranged is the following : the Digestive, the Respiratory, the Sanguineous, the Nervous, the Sexual, and the Excrent.

In treating of digestion, Dr. Good takes especial notice of the curious fact, that no animal seems capable of deriving nutriment from aliment that is without some portion of azote, ' which is an essential element of the animal body, and exists ' in it far more largely than in plants.' Upon the question, whether this abundance of azote be principally derived from respiration or absorption, or whether it be manufactured as it were by a vital process, Mr. Majendie's recent experiments have a very important bearing. This active and meritorious physiologist found, that when animals were fed exclusively upon substances that contain no sensible portion of azote, as sugar, gum, olive oil, and butter, together with distilled water, they gradually became atrophous, and at length died. ' The secretions assumed the character of those of herbivorous ' animals. The food was digested, but the muscles were reduced to one sixth of their proper volume. It is singular, ' that all the animals before death exhibited an ulcer in the ' cornea, which sometimes spread through the membranes, so ' that the humours of the eye were emptied.'

As contributory to the completion of the digestive process, we find animals of the more perfect order furnished with a liver, spleen, pancreas, and omentum ; but it is by no means ascertained what particular share is assigned to their functions, or in what precise manner these several organs supply their respective aid. As we descend in the scale of animals from quadrupeds to fishes, we find the collatitious viscera to become less in size or fewer in number. Upon the whole, the pancreas disappears sooner than the spleen, which is supposed by many to have some direct subserviency to the liver. This last organ (the liver) ' descends, under some modification or other, from ' man even to the class of worms ; and in the snail, and several other gasteropodous moluscæ, is, comparatively, very ' large ; but, in various kinds, is destitute of a gall-bladder, ' as well among quadrupeds, as birds, fishes, and worms ; ' though this appendage seems common to all the amphibials,

'many of whom, as the salamander, have livers of great magnitude.'

Since the discovery of the peculiar liquor secreted by the stomach, sufficient light has been thrown upon the digestive function, to disprove the extravagant theories of the mechanical and chemical physiologists, and to explain the process pretty satisfactorily, as far as the first step, or the formation of chyme is concerned; but beyond this, as just intimated, we are furnished with very few data from which to deduce satisfactory inference.

'We are totally unacquainted with the immediate part performed by the salivary glands, the pancreas, the liver, the spleen, and the omentum. We have sufficient proof, indeed, that the secretion of the two former are possessed of a highly resolvent power, though considerably less than that of the gastric juice; and it is obvious, that their joint amount must contribute to hold the food in solution: but we are altogether ignorant of the particular task assigned to either of these secretions, or the quantities in which they differ from each other. We have not much more information concerning the use of the bile, large as is the organ which secretes it in most animals, and common as their fluid is, under some modification or other, in all the classes. It is supposed to promote, by its stimulus, the peristaltic action of the intestines, and to separate the feculent matter of the food from the genuine chyle, and to complete its animalization: and it unquestionably gives to the feces their yellow colour. In a morbid state it changes its natural properties, and becomes black, green, albuminous, or watery, insipid, acrid, or even acid, and effervescing. In the *sæpia officinalis*, or common cuttle fish, it is said by Monro to be black; for he regards as bile, the natural ink which this animal is well known to excrete when pursued by an enemy; and by which curious contrivance it renders the surrounding water turbid, and thus conceals itself and effects its escape. Cuvier, however, does not allow that the ink of the cuttle-fish is its bile, but regards it as a secretion peculiar to itself.

'Yet cases have occurred in which the peristaltic action of the intestines has been duly continued, without any intermixture of bile, and even when there has been no gall-bladder, nor any duct leading from the liver into the duodenum. Sir Everard Home has given an example of this in a child, who, however, did not live long, but who seems rather to have died of a marasmus than of any intestinal affection. And from this fact, as well as from various others, this indefatigable physiologist conceives one of the offices of the bile to be, that of converting mucus or the refuse matter of the chyle, as it passes into the colon, into fat, which is absorbed and diffused over the system to promote its growth.

'Of the action of the omentum and spleen we know nothing whatever. The first may possibly serve the purpose of lubricating the viscera to which it is attached; and the second appears to be an

auxiliary to the liver. Various hypotheses, indeed, have been offered concerning their respective uses, and by writers of great talent and authority. But they are to this day hypotheses, and nothing more, and it is not worth while to detail them. The spleen, indeed, secretes no peculiar fluid except its own blood, which is of a dark livid colour, and coagulates with difficulty. It is even destitute of an excreting duct; and is said to have been extirpated, in some instances, without injury to the general health. It is not found in any of the tribes below the class of fishes. The ancients, who fancifully regarded the liver as the organ of sanguification, from a mixture of the four principle humours of the body, supposed the spleen to be a reservoir for its redundancy of black bile, as they supposed the gall-bladder to be for its redundancy of yellow bile, and ascribed still more disorders to an exuberance of the former, than of the latter.'

While treating of the disorders to which the digestive function is obnoxious, Dr. Good introduces some very valuable matter, partly compiled from authors, and partly furnished from the stores of his own observation. As far as unprofessional reading is concerned, that part of this section will be found most interesting, which treats of the physiology and pathology of the teeth, and of intestinal worms. Our Author is a great enemy to the hypothesis of what is called equivocal or spontaneous generation, and combats the notion at once with force of argument, and fluency of language. At the conclusion of this class, his arrangement leads him to speak of several structural and organic affections implicating the different viscera, diseases which, he candidly confesses, 'we can rarely hope to conquer, unless we have an opportunity of strangling them in their infancy; though we may sometimes give a check to their rapid strides, palliate their painful progress, and postpone their fatal triumph.'

The respiratory function, like the digestive, is more or less complicated in the different classes of animals. It is only those which possess lungs, that are furnished with a windpipe, as the mammaliæ, birds, and the amphibiæ. Voice, however, is not an attribute even of all these. The myrmecophaga or ant-eater, is entirely dumb, as is the pangolin, the tortoise, lizards, and serpents, 'while others lose their voice in particular regions, as the dog is said to do in some parts of America, and quails and frogs in various districts of Siberia.'

The degree of perfection in the voice, is regulated by the perfection of the larynx, and it is the complicated machinery of this organ, that gives to some of the bird tribe powers of a very extraordinary kind. While the imitative as well as natural powers that many of these possess, is referrible to the complicated structure of the larynx, so, individuals of the

human race with a larynx thus formed, become capable, by long practice, both of copying the sounds of animals, and of imitating to a nicety the voices of their fellow men. Such a power of voice is indeed possessed by some individuals, that they shall be capable of so modifying it as to give to hearers the perception of its issuing from a different part from that whence it is actually emitted. This faculty, which from an erroneous notion has been vulgarly named ventriloquism, has not yet received a satisfactory exposition; it seems to require the combined existence of a nicety of ear, with a particular construction of the vocal organs. Dr. Good suggests, that those who learn this art with facility, and practise it and carry it to perfection, possess some peculiarity in the structure of the glottis, and particularly in respect to its muscles or cartilages. Ventriloquism is said by some to consist in the power of speaking during inspiration.

The pulmonary portion of the vocal and respiratory organization has, in respect to its economy and uses, been the subject of especial attention from the earliest times. Antecedent to birth, the whole of this wonderful machinery may be considered as at rest. Inspiration, however, is coeval with birth, and the air which then presses forcibly on every side of the body, presses likewise through the mouth and nostrils upon the upper part of the trachea.

‘The motive powers of expansion, and which are afterwards those of expiration, are immediately stimulated into action; the ribs rise by the agency of the intercostal muscles, and the chest becomes elevated; the diaphragm, whose broad and muscular septum divides the thorax from the abdomen, sinks from instinctive sympathy towards the viscera beneath, and the chest becomes deepened; and into the dilated vacuum hereby produced, the external air rushes forcibly by the trachea; and by inflating the lungs to the full stretch of their elasticity, compresses all the surrounding organs. Yet as the force with which the air operates is very considerably, perhaps as much as three hundred times less than that of the heart when stimulated to contract, the blood, instead of being hereby impeded in its course through the pulmonary vessels, flows far more freely, and dilates these vessels by its plenitude, as they are already necessarily elongated by the expansion of the lungs; and the heart in this manner becomes liberated from a load, which, if it were to remain in its cavity, would oppress it, and put a stop to its action. And hence we behold, at once, the important connexion that exists between the sanguiferous and the respiratory systems, and how much the soundness of the one must depend upon that of the other.’

The change in colour and properties that the blood undergoes, in consequence of exposure to the air in the lungs,

however remarkable or important, is still, with respect to its actual nature, in some sense, obscure. 'We find blood re-
'turned from lungs, spirited with newness of life; perfect
'in its elaboration, more readily disposed to coagulate, and
'the deep purple hue here transformed into a bright scarlet.'
What has the blood hereby lost? How has this wonderful change been accomplished?

At every inspiration, according to some experiments of Sir H. Davy, about thirteen cubic inches of air are taken in, and twelve and three-quarters are thrown out. The average number of inspirations is about twenty-six or twenty-seven in a minute. The thirteen cubic inches of inspired air contain nine and a half of nitrogene, three and four-tenths of oxygene, and one-tenth of an inch of carbonic acid: the twelve inches and three-quarters of returned air give nine and three-tenths of nitrogene, two and two-tenths of oxygene, and one and two-tenths of carbonic acid. Subsequent experiments have not been able to detect the retention of any portion of the inspired nitrogene; and Mr. Ellis has endeavoured to prove, that even the oxygene which disappears, is not received into the blood-vessels of the lungs, but is converted into carbonic acid gas in their air-cells, by combining with the carbon of the blood secreted through the means of the pulmonary exhalents. This secretion of carbon is common to plants as well as to animals, and Mr. Ellis maintains, that there exists no proof of carbonic acid, or indeed of any other aëriform fluid, being present naturally in the blood.

These experiments and inferences of Mr. Ellis, with other observations and particulars, have served very materially to lessen the credit of Dr. Crawford's, and M. Lavoisier's hypothesis respecting the colour of the blood, and the source of animal heat. By these philosophers it was announced, (and much medical theory was immediately erected on the foundation,) that the darker hue of the blood, when it reaches the lungs to be expired, was owing to an excess of carbon, which it gave out by the respiratory process, and gained oxygene in its stead; that hence was the colour of the blood changed, and animal heat generated; this last being supposed to be disengaged from the inspired air by the laws of altered capacities.

Both the primary cause of the blood's red colour and the source of animal heat still remain then *sub judice*; and indeed, the actual existence of heat as a substantive essence, is so far from being proved, that to this day some contend (and support their assumption with much that is not easily answer-

able) that heat is merely the result of a certain kind of corpuscular motion.

It should seem, however, that Mr. Ellis has, at any rate, been too precipitate in inferring the non-existence of gas, in a free state, in the blood; and he has, moreover, failed of absolutely proving the non-absorption of oxygene through the membranous air-cells of the lungs. Indeed, some more recent experiments of French physiologists rather accord in their results with those above adverted to of Sir H. Davy, and shew that, in the act of respiration, there is a little more carbonic acid gas than oxygene consumed.

In respect to disordered conditions of the respiratory function Dr. Good has, we think, been especially happy on the subject of asthma. While he allows to the celebrated treatise of Dr. Bree the merit of much ingenuity as well as elaborate research, he combats some of the principles it inculcates, with much of pathological acumen, and in the best spirit of candid controversy.

(To be concluded in the next Number.)

Art. II. *Remains of the late Rev. Charles Wolfe, A.B. Curate of Donoughmore, Diocese of Armagh, with a brief Memoir of his Life.* By the Rev. John A. Russell, M. A. &c. 2 vols. 12mo. Price 10s. Dublin. 1825.

THE admirable person whose remains are here given to the public, would probably never have been heard of by the world, had it not been for a poem which first appeared in the Newry Telegraph, without the Author's concurrence, with the initials C. W., and which was afterwards copied into most of the London prints. That poem (most of our readers will know that we allude to the Ode on the Burial of Sir John Moore) attracted the attention of Lord Byron, who by no means over-praised it, when he pronounced it to be 'little inferior to the best which the present prolific age has brought forth.' It remained for a long time unclaimed; and in the mean while, several individuals,—among others, an anonymous contributor to Blackwood's infamous Magazine,—had the meanness to appropriate it as their own. Captain Medwin supposed it to have been written by Lord Byron himself. It is more like Campbell: it has his lyric spirit, but with more fire and less finish. It was the spontaneous effusion of the Author's genius in one of those fortunate moments of excitement, in which the impulse given to the mind by strong emotion sus-

pend the consciousness of effort, and makes the result seem almost involuntary to the writer, while it stamps on the composition an undefinable character rarely attained by the utmost elaboration, and which is felt, rather than perceived. Such poems, with all their faults, are, we were going to say, by necessity what they are,—perfect with all their imperfections;—the flaws are in the natural substance,—the words seem burned into the verse, and cannot be shifted, and the whole partakes of the homogeneousness of a gem. In the poem in question, the sentiment is not all that could be wished: its beauty consists in its being so perfectly martial, that one would have thought none but a soldier could have written it; and while he wrote it, the Author was a soldier, identified with his subject and the scene. This is the triumph of imagination,—sometimes, we admit, a dangerous one, for can it be safe ever to feel otherwise on all subjects, than as a Christian? But those feelings in a good man are perhaps seldom in more danger than when stirred by martial music. For the sake of those readers who may not have seen a correct copy of the stanzas, we must indulge ourselves in transcribing them.

• THE BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE.

- Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note,
As his corse to the rampart we hurried;
Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot
O'er the grave where our Hero we buried.
- We buried him darkly at dead of night,
The sods with our bayonets turning;
By the struggling moon-beam's misty light,
And the lantern dimly burning.
- No useless coffin enclos'd his breast,
Not in sheet or in shroud we wound him;
But he lay like a Warrior taking his rest—
With his martial cloak around him.
- Few and short were the prayers we said,
And we spoke not a word of sorrow;
But we steadfastly gaz'd on the face that was dead,
And we bitterly thought of the morrow.
- We thought, as we hollow'd his narrow bed,
And smooth'd down his lonely pillow,
That the foe and the stranger would tread o'er his head,
And we far away on the billow!

‘ Lightly they’ll talk of the spirit that’s gone,
And o’er his cold ashes upbraid him,—
But little he’ll reckon, if they let him sleep on
In the grave where a Briton has laid him.

‘ But half of our heavy task was done,
When the clock struck the hour for retiring ;
And we heard the distant and random gun
That the foe was sullenly firing.

‘ Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
From the field of his fame fresh and gory ;
We carved not a line, and we rais’d not a stone,
But we left him alone with his glory !’

We have described this poem as the production of a fortunate moment. Many such exquisite effusions are to be found in our fugitive poetry, the composition of nameless or obscure authors,—in some instances the only offspring of the parent mind, in others the only successful effort,—because no second occasion ever occurred to give a like impulse to the thoughts, with leisure to obey the impulse, and because the writers, though possessed of the genuine enthusiasm of poetry, were not artists who could at pleasure manufacture their feelings into verse. But the other poetical compositions scattered over the first volume of these *Remains*, are highly interesting. In the following song, Mr. Wolfe has exquisitely rendered into words, his correct conception of the musical expression of Gramachree, the well known Irish air.

‘ SONG.

‘ If I had thought thou couldst have died,
I might not weep for thee ;
But I forgot, when by thy side,
That thou couldst mortal be ;
It never through my mind had past,
The time would e’er be o’er,
And I on thee should look my last,
And thou shouldst smile no more !

‘ And still upon that face I look,
And think ’twill smile again ;
And still the thought I will not brook,
That I must look in vain !
But when I speak—thou dost not say,
What thou ne’er left’st unsaid
And now I feel, as well I may,
Sweet Mary !—thou art dead !

‘ If thou would’st stay, e’en as thou art,
 All cold, and all serene—
 I still might press thy silent heart,
 And where thy smiles have been !
 While e’en thy chill bleak corse I have,
 Thou seemest still mine own,
 But there I lay thee in thy grave—
 And I am now alone !

‘ I do not think, where’er thou art,
 Thou hast forgotten me ;
 And I, perhaps, may soothe this heart,
 In thinking too of thee ;
 Yet, there was round thee such a dawn,
 Of light ne’er seen before,
 As fancy never could have drawn,
 And never can restore !’

Another song at p. 135, which would not have discredited Moore, will serve to shew how well the Author would have succeeded in this species of lyric poetry, had he made poetical composition his business and study, and literary distinction his object. But his views and efforts had taken a higher direction, and were consecrated to a nobler purpose. The Editor anticipates that it may be a matter of surprise to some readers, that Mr. W. had not exercised his poetical talents upon religious subjects ; but, he says,

‘ the fact was, that he seemed to shrink from such themes as too lofty for his genius, too pure and too awful for what he humbly thought his insufficient powers. The standard of excellence which his imagination had raised, was so high that no effort of his own could give him satisfaction. He had sometimes entertained the idea that religious subjects might be profitably introduced in songs adapted to national music, which might thus be made a vehicle of popular instruction : how much he felt the delicacy and difficulty of such a task, will appear from the judicious observations contained in a letter to a pious friend who had sent him some verses written with that view :—

“ My dear ———

“ * * * * The poems upon which you desire my opinion, seem to be the production of a truly spiritual mind,—a mind deeply exercised in experimental religion,—which sees every object through a pure and holy medium, and turns every thing it contemplates into devotion. But, their very excellence in this respect, seems, in the present instance, to constitute their leading defect. Their object, if I understand it aright, is to make popular music a channel by which religious feeling may be diffused through society ; and thus, at the same time to redeem the national music from the profaneness and licentiousness to which it has been prostituted. As

to the first object :—the natural language of a spiritual man, which would remind one of the like spirit of much of his internal experience, would be, not only uninteresting, but absolutely unintelligible to the generality of mankind. He speaks of hopes and fears—of pleasures and pains, which they could only comprehend by having previously felt them.

“ You remember that it is said of the new song that was sung before the Throne, that no man could learn that song, save those that were redeemed from the earth : and therefore, it often happens that those who best understand that music are more intelligible to heavenly than to earthly beings : they are often better understood by angels than by men. The high degree of spirituality which they have attained, often renders it not only painful, but impossible to accommodate themselves to the ordinary feelings of mankind. They cannot stoop, even though it be to conquer. To the world, their effusions are in an unknown language. In fact, they often take for granted the very work to be done : they presuppose that communion of feeling and unity of spirit between themselves and the world, which it is their primary object to *produce* ; and when they do not produce this effect they may even do mischief ; for, the spontaneous language of a religious mind, is, generally speaking, revolting to the great mass of society : they shrink from it, as they do from the Bible.

“ Just consider all the caution, the judgement, and the skill requisite in order to introduce religion profitably into general conversation, and then you may conceive what will be the fate of a song—to which a man has recourse for amusement, and which he expects will appeal to his feelings, when he finds it employed on a subject to which he has not learned to attach any idea of pleasure, and which speaks to feelings he never experienced. It is on this account, I conceive, that a song intended to make religion popular, should not be *entirely* of a religious cast,—that it should take in as wide a range as any other song,—should appeal to every passion and feeling of our nature not in itself sinful,—should employ all the scenery, the imagery and circumstance of the songs of this world,—while religion should be indirectly introduced or delicately insinuated. I think we shall come to the same conclusion, if we consider the reformation of the national music as the primary object. The predominant feelings excited and expressed by our national airs, however exquisitely delightful, are manifestly *human* ; and it is evident, that, in order to do them justice we must follow the prevailing tone. The *strain* and *ground work* of the words can hardly be spiritual : but a gleam of religion might be every now and then tastefully admitted, with the happiest effect. But, indeed, it appears so difficult, that, in the whole range of poetry, there does not occur to me at present, an instance in which it has been successfully executed. The only piece which I now recollect as at all exemplifying my meaning, is Cowper's ‘ Alexander Selkirk,’ beginning, ‘ I am monarch of all I survey,’ which I believe has never been set to music. It is not *professedly* religious ; nay, the situation, the sentiments, and the feelings are

such as the commonest reader can at once conceive to be his own. It needs neither a spiritual man, nor a poet, nor a man of taste or of education, to enter into immediate sympathy with him. It is not till the fourth stanza, (after he has taken possession of his reader,) that he introduces a religious sentiment—to which, however, he had been gradually ascending; and even then he accompanies and recommends it with what may, perhaps, be called the *romantic* and *picturesque* of religion,—‘the sound of the church-going bell,’ &c. He then appears to desert the subject altogether, and only returns to it as it were accidentally, (but with what beauty and effect!) in the last four lines.”

The Editor remarks, that Mr. Wolfe would also have instanced, had it occurred to him, the beautiful Scotch ballad, ‘I’m ‘wearing awa’ John.’ Wordsworth’s ‘Lament of Mary, Queen ‘of Scots,’ affords another specimen; and there are two other poems in the same volume*, which, though more directly religious, are fine specimens of the combination of devotional sentiment with picturesque imagery. But there is, confessedly, a sad dearth of what has been termed the indirect species of sacred poetry. In other words, the character of our national poetry since the Restoration, is strikingly, we might say peculiarly irreligious. With the exception of those few who have professedly written on sacred subjects, such as Young, Watts, Blackmore, and Blair, we look in vain through the British Poets from Milton to Cowper, for any indications of Christian piety or religious aim in the writer; so that their Biographer was led to form that strangely inaccurate conclusion, in excuse, as it would seem, for the atheistic cast of their productions, that ‘contemplative piety cannot be poetical.’ In the present day, there is no dearth of devotional poetry; but, of poetry of the kind alluded to, that is adapted at once to captivate and to improve the irreligious,—religious in its tendency, rather than in its theme,—in its tone, rather than in its language, there is still a lamentable deficiency. Had Mr. Wolfe’s life been spared for a few more years, it is probable that he would have endeavoured to realise the very just conceptions he had formed of the class of poems which is still a desideratum. As to the plan of accommodating sacred words to popular national airs, we respect the motive that has led to such attempts, but we abominate the practice, as equally at variance with correct religious taste and with all musical feeling. Instead of redeeming the national music from profaneness, it tends only to the profanation of religion by the incongruous

* See Eclectic Review, N.S. Vol. XIV. pp. 181, 2.

alliance. It is a stratagem too gross to cheat the worldly, too tasteless to please the intelligent among the pious. In a collection of sacred music by one Edward Miller, Mus. Doct. of Doncaster, for instance, the well-known Scotch air Donald, is set to a hymn beginning, 'The Saviour calls, let every ear;' Mozart's 'Away with melancholy,' is set to some wretched doggrel, beginning, 'Weary of my sad complaining, Must I 'with my Saviour part?' and 'Life let us cherish' is changed into 'Bring the kingdom, Lord, make haste!!' There are some more *travesties* in the same style, but the worst of all, perhaps, is the accommodation of Shield's once popular melody, 'The heaving of the lead,' to words beginning like a love song, but intended (*proh pudor!*) for devotion: 'To thee great 'god of love I bow.' This is, however, not so execrably bad as the shocking parody of Bishop Percy's beautiful ballad, 'O 'Nanny wilt thou gang wi me,' which we have somewhere seen, in which Jesus Christ is made to woo the sinner, and to style himself 'the fairest of the fair.' In several of these instances, especially the last, poetry alike beautiful and unexceptionable is rejected to make room for the stupid doggrel which is substituted; and for what purpose? Not to gain admission for pious sentiment under the vehicle of the music, but to gain admission for the music under cover of the words. Thus, the most sacred subjects are prostituted to the purpose of light amusement, while devotional feeling is precluded by the intractably secular character of the melody on which the Gothic outrage is committed.

We have been led, imperceptibly, into this digression, but the subject is one which has employed much of our thoughts, and which strongly interests our feelings. Had Burns or Moore been men of the same stamp as Wolfe, a great part of our national music might have been redeemed and consecrated to a high moral purpose. We are, however, thankful for much that they have done. Burns has the merit of having superseded, by his exquisite ballads, which are not often exceptionable, a vast deal of ribaldry and inanity. Moore, though too sickly, and occasionally licentious, sometimes charms us with his pathos, and delights us with his patriotism. We wish that he had not meddled with sacred melodies; he understands music, but not religion. In order to be qualified to make popular music a channel of religious feeling, a man must be a poet, and more than a poet: he must love religion above all things, and music next to religion, for patriotism and the domestic charities must be part and parcel of his religion. He must have good sense as well as enthusiasm, practical tact as well as musical taste. Could one but combine the playfulness of Cowper, and the tact and

fertility of Dibdin, (the best song-writer, assuredly, of his day,) with the musical taste of Moore, and the enthusiasm of Burns, then, indeed, we might hope to see 'the most fascinating part' of literature turned to the highest purposes of religion, and our national music consecrated to the promotion of virtue.

The reader has seen what Mr. Wolfe was and promised to be as a poet. The following lines exhibit him in a higher character, and will break the transition by which we must pass from the fascinations of verse to the graver themes of theology.

• PATRIOTISM.

' Angels of glory ! came she not from you ?
 Are there not Patriots in the Heav'n of Heav'n's ?
 And hath not every Seraph some dear spot,—
 Throughout th' expanse of worlds some favourite home,
 On which he fixes with domestic fondness ?
 Doth not e'en Michael on his seat of fire,
 Close to the footstool of the throne of God,
 Rest on his harp awhile, and from the face
 And burning glories of the Deity,
 Loosen his rivetted and raptured gaze,
 To bend one bright, one transient downward glance,
 One patriot look upon his native star ?
 Or do I err ?—and is your bliss complete,
 Without one spot to claim your warmer smile,
 And e'en an Angel's partiality ?
 And is that passion, which we deem Divine,
 Which makes the timid brave, the brave resistless,—
 Makes men seem heroes,—heroes, demigods—
 A poor, mere mortal feeling ?—No ! 'tis false !
 The Deity himself proves it divine ;
 For, when the Deity conversed with men,
 He was himself a Patriot !—to the Earth,—
 To all mankind a *Saviour* was he sent ;
 And, all he loved with a Redeemer's love ;
 Yet still, his warmest love, his tenderest care,
 His life, his heart, his blessings, and his mournings,
 His smiles, his tears, he gave to thee—Jerusalem—
 To thee his Country ! Though with a Prophet's gaze,
 He saw the future sorrows of the world ;
 And all the Miseries of the human race
 From age to age, rehears'd their parts before him ;
 Though he beheld the fall of gasping Rome
 Crushed by descending Vandals ; though he heard
 The shriek of Poland, when the spoilers came ;
 Though he saw Europe in the conflagration
 Which now is burning ; and his eye could pierce
 The coming woes that we have yet to feel ;
 Yet still,—o'er Sion's Walls alone he hung,

Thought of no trench but that round Sion cast ;
Beheld no widows mourn, but Israel's daughters ;
Beheld no slaughter but of Judah's sons :
On them alone, the tears of Heav'n he dropped ;
Dwelt on the horrors of their fall, and sigh'd—
“ Hadst thou but known, even thou in this thy day,
“ The things which do belong unto thy peace,—
“ Hadst thou, O hadst thou known, Jerusalem !”—
Yet, well he knew what anguish should be his
From those he wept for ; well did he foresee
The scourge—the thorns—the cross—the agony ;
Yet still, how oft' upon thy sons he laid
The hands of health ; how oft' beneath his wing
Thy children would have gathered, O Jerusalem !—
‘ Thou art not mortal, thou didst come from heav'n,—
Spirit of patriotism ! thou art Divine !—
Then, Seraph ! where thy first descent on earth ?
Heav'n's Hallelujahs, for what soil abandoned ?—
Close by the side of Adam, e're he woke
Into existence, was thy hallowed stand :
On Eden, and on *thee*, his eyes unclosed :
For say ;—instead of Wisdom's sacred tree,
And its sweet fatal fruit, had Heav'n denied
His daily visit to his natal spot,—
Say, could our Father boast one day's obedience ?—
And wherefore, Eden, when he pass'd for ever
Thy gates, in slow and silent bitterness,—
Why did he turn that look of bursting anguish
Upon thy fruits, thy groves, thy vales, thy fountains ;
And, why inhale with agonizing fervor
The last—last breeze that blew from thee upon him ?
'Twas not alone because thy fruits were sweet—
Thy groves were music—and thy fountains—health ;
Thy breezes—balm ; thy valleys—loveliness ;
But that they were the first, his ear, eye, taste,
Or smell, or feeling, had perceived or tasted,
Heard, seen, inhaled ;—because thou wert his *Country* !
Yes, frail and sorrowing Sire, thy sons forgive thee !
True, thou hast lost us Eden and its joys ;
But, *thou* hast suffer'd doubly by the loss !
We were not born *there* ; it was not our Country !
‘ Oh holy Angel, thou hast given us each
This substitute for Paradise. With thee,
The vale of snow may be our summer walk ;
The pointed rock—the bower of repose ;
The cataract—our music ;—while, for food
Thy fingers icy-cold, perhaps may pluck
The mountain-berry : yet, with thee, we'll smile ;
Nor shiver when we hear, that father Adam
Once lived in brighter climes, on sweeter food.

' But, ah ! at least to this our second Eden,
 Permit no artful Serpent to approach ;
 Let no foul traitor grasp at fruits which thou
 Hast interdicted ; and no sword of flame,
 Flash forth despair, and wave us to our exile.
 Yet, rather than that I should rise in shame
 Upon my country's downfall ; or should draw
 One tear from her, or e'en one frown from thee ;
 Rather than that I should approach her walls,
 Like Caius Marius, with her foes combin'd ;
 Or turn, like Sylla, her own sons upon her,
 Let me sit down in silence, by thy side,
 Upon the banks of Babylon,—and weep,
 When we remember all that we have lost.
 Nor shall we always on the stranger's willow,
 Allow our harp in sorrow to repose ;
 But, when thy converse has inspir'd my soul,
 Roused it to phrenzy ; taught me to forget
 Distance, and time, and place, and woe, and exile ;
 And I no more behold Euphrates' bank,
 And hear no more the clanking of my fetters,
 Then, in thy fervors, shalt thou snatch thy harp,
 And strike me one of Sion's loftiest songs,
 Until I pour my soul upon the notes,—
 Deep from my heart,—and they shall waft it home.

' Oh Erin ! Oh my Mother ! I will love thee ;
 Whether upon thy green, Atlantic throne,
 Thou sitt'st august, majestic, and sublime ;
 Or on thy Empire's last remaining fragment,
 Bendest forlorn, dejected and forsaken,—
 Thy smiles, thy tears, thy blessings, and thy woes,
 Thy glory and thy infamy, be mine !
 Should Heav'n but teach me to display my heart,—
 With Deborah's Notes, thy triumphs would I sing,
 Would weep thy woes with Jeremiah's tears ;
 But,—for a *warning* voice, which, though thy fall
 Had been begun, should check thee in mid-air ;—
 Isaiah's lips of fire should utter, Hold !
 Not e'en thy vices can withdraw me from thee ;—
 Thy *crimes* I'd shun—*thyself* would still embrace ;
 For, e'en to me, Omnipotence might grant,
 To be the "tenth just man," to save thee, Erin !—
 And when I leave thee, should the lowest seat
 In Heav'n be mine ;—should smiling mercy grant
 One dim and distant vision of its glories,
 Then, if the least of all the blest can mix
 With Heaven one thought of Earth—I'll think of thee.'

The marks of immaturity are obvious in these lines, which
 we apprehend must have been an early production ; but there

is an originality of thought, a glow of feeling, and an occasional beauty both of sentiment and expression, which more than redeem the faults of taste.

The poetical talent which these compositions display, formed but a minor qualification in the character of this admirable young man: 'he combined,' says Professor Miller, 'eloquence of the first order with the zeal of an apostle.' The specimens of his preaching, which are contained in the second volume of these Remains, appear under every disadvantage. None of them were designed for publication, and they were all composed for 'a plain but intelligent country congregation' in Ireland. A large proportion of them, too, were written out in evident haste. Yet, with all these disadvantages, they bear the broad stamp of original genius and unaffected eloquence.

'A sermon read,' remarks the Editor, 'is, indeed, different from a sermon spoken; and it is possible that the effect of these sermons was much aided by a mode of delivery peculiarly suitable to their style and matter. Sometimes it was authoritative and abrupt; sometimes slow and measured; and, at other times, rapid, almost hurried. Sometimes, there was a blunt and homely plainness; and often, a soothing tenderness of manner; but all was natural and unlaboured; more remarkable, perhaps, for energy of expression than for gracefulness,—for an earnest simplicity than a studied elegance.'

Nothing can be more simple and natural than the exordium to the first sermon, but yet how admirably adapted to arrest the attention! The text is Eccles. xii. 1.

'We all know that we shall have to remember our Creator at one time or another—we cannot but know that he has many ways of *inviting* us to remember him;—the sun that he makes to rise upon the evil and the good—the rain that he sends down upon the just and the unjust—the fruitful seasons by which he fills our hearts with food and gladness—the weekly returns of his holy sabbath—the ministry of the gospel of salvation—and the table which he spreads before us, which he has instituted as a peculiar memorial of himself,—and at which he invites us to eat of the bread of life, and to drink from the fountain of living water.

'And we cannot but know, that he has also the means of *making* himself remembered,—and that he will not always allow himself to be forgotten,—but that he has certain agents at his disposal, by which, when he pleases, he can command our attention,—the sword—the famine—the pestilence—the death bed—the last trumpet—the worm that dieth not—and the fire that is not quenched.—Such a Being cannot be remembered too often or too soon.'

After urging as reasons for remembering our Creator in the days of youth,—that we may never have an old age vouchsafed to us,—that the days of youth are the days of our blessings,—

and also the days of our dangers,—the Preacher thus impressively concludes his appeal.

‘ But the law of God is not left to our own capricious recollections ; it is entered upon record,—it has been rained down upon us from heaven,—it has been practised, fulfilled, and embodied in the Son of God, and sanctified by the blood of the Legislator. Here must the young man remember his Creator, while the world, the flesh, and the devil are crowding round to devour him. With this law in his hand, and the Son of God by his side, let him go through the furnace, or he is lost.

‘ But suppose that all this has been neglected, and that you, notwithstanding, have been permitted by the mercies of the God you have forgotten, to arrive at the borders of an unholy old age ;—how will you then set about remembering your Creator,—reserving for the dregs of sickness and infirmity the work of youth in all its vigour—offering rude and cruel violence to languid nature, as she is retiring to her repose—returning, *indeed*, to a second childhood, and beginning life anew, just as you are dropping into the grave—obliged to undo all that you have done—to turn out the whole tribe of loathsome ideas that have lain festering in your mind, and to purify a diseased and corrupted memory from all the sordid thoughts and recollections that have filled the place which should have been occupied by your Creator ?—And then, too, when you shall come to teach this precept to your children, instead of pronouncing it with all the dignity of a Father—of one, who is to them in the place of God upon earth, you will hang your head and drop your grey hairs in shame before the son who should honour and respect you ; you will blush to look your child in the face, when you read him a lesson that you never practised ; and your lips will quiver, and your tongue will falter, when you say to him, Remember your Creator in the days of your youth :—and yet, are we to say there is no hope of such a man ? God forbid. If there were no hope for those who have forgotten their Creator, which of us could lift his eyes to Heaven ? You, and all the world, and he who warns you of its consequences, every day and every hour have forgotten their Creator. We have used the awful *blessings* that he has bestowed upon us for our own sport and amusement, and forgotten from whom they come, and we have rushed into the dangers and temptations of life, with nothing to guide us but the impulses of our own guilty nature, or the opinion of a world that has drawn its principles from its practice, instead of forming its practice upon its principles. Those who feel this in the depth of their hearts, and the awful state to which it has brought them, will know how to value the great and glorious atonement that has been made for them upon the cross. It will be music to their ears to be told, that to those who have forgotten their Creator, it is yet said—Remember your *Redeemer*, and live. Open wide your memory and your heart to this blessed Redeemer and let the King of Glory come in. Just think—whom will you remember instead of Him ? who is there that shall fill His place, and sit upon the throne of your memory, that will return you faithfully love for love—thought for thought ? Will the object that is dearest to you

upon earth? The heart of that being may be now cold and faithless; that heart *will certainly be one day cold and mouldering in the grave*; and all the profusion of memory that you lavish upon that barren spot, will never make one fresh thought or one genial recollection spring from the ashes that you loved, to reward your fond and hopeless prodigality. But there is not one pure thought, one holy recollection that struggles to rise to that gracious Being, that shall be allowed to fall to the ground, but shall be kindly received and richly repaid; and He will return it from on high, with a rain of blessings on your head. Go, and remember Him who thought of you, before you had the power of thinking either of Him or of yourself,—making you young and lusty as an eagle, and only a “little lower than the angels,—crowning you with majesty and honour,”—who remembered you, when you had forgotten Him and yourself, and all that became a creature whom his Creator had marked out for immortality; who remembered you, when he bowed his head upon the cross, and who is ready to recognise you before his Father and the holy angels—even before the Creator whom you had forgotten. Go; and think of him—for at this instant he is thinking of every one of you.’

The second sermon is a beautiful discourse on the nature of Faith, in which the subject is stripped of every thing that is technical, or metaphysical, or disputable, and brought home to every man’s business and bosom. The third is on Gen. i. 26.—man made in the Divine image, and that image disfigured and broken by the fall. Sermon the fourth is on Matt. xiii. 44. The fifth and sixth are closely connected by their subject: the texts are Matt. x. 28. and xi. 12. From the latter of these we shall take another specimen,

‘If any of us were now suddenly informed by a physician, that a deadly malady was at this instant preying upon his vitals,—that his blood was poisoned, and his health undermined, and his constitution falling asunder; he would doubtless return to his house in no very comfortable state of mind; he would throw himself upon his bed, and feed upon the gloomy thoughts of approaching dissolution;—would begin, perhaps, to make his will, and call his friends about him, to apprise them that he was soon to bid them farewell;—and, if he felt a joint ache, and his pulse begin to beat faster or slower, or, if he looked into the glass, and saw his cheek turning pale, and his lip becoming livid, and his eye growing dim, he would say: Alas! he told me nothing but the truth: and this is that fearful disease that is to bring me to the grave. And then, how would all the little symptoms be noted and remembered! How would the nature and the seat of the disease be studied and examined! And if a physician were to drop a hint that the disorder was within the reach of his skill,—or, if there was a whisper through the family that something could be done, and that hope was not yet renounced;—the very news would be a kind of health to you, and your faded and pallid

countenance would brighten with anticipated freshness and renovation.

‘ Now, if a man were really convinced that such a disease as this had taken possession of his eternal soul, what can we suppose would be his sensations? If a distant hint—if an indistinct murmur were breathed, that there was something wrong about it,—an eternal thing with something wrong about it!—to think, that that living spirit within us, by which we can hold communion with the unseen world and the Father of spirits, and which is destined to wander through eternity, is indisposed and out of order;—what alarm, what jealousy of inquiry should it excite! what earnest investigation of symptoms; what anxious search into the nature of the complaint and the possibility of a cure! And yet, it is astonishing with what perfect composure a man not only can hear the voice of Almighty God warning him, but can acknowledge that there is no health in him, and yet scarcely think it a subject worth his inquiry!

‘ Really, it is pitiable and melancholy to hear with what accuracy a sick man will describe all the marks and features of his disorder, how every passing pain, every change, every symptom, and every fluctuation of health and strength is treasured up, and amplified and discussed. What a physician does the sick man become in his own case! Nay, with what seeming pleasure does he dwell upon every circumstance, with what fond and longing eloquence he can expatiate upon his pangs and his sufferings, as if he loved them because they are his own! But, if you inquire into the health of his eternal soul, its sicknesses, its symptoms, its peculiar constitution, its signs of life and death; all dumb, all languid, all flat and unprofitable! Before we go further, is not this a sufficient proof that all is wrong,—that the spirit within him has been left to take care of itself, while the heap of dust to which it is attached, has excited such an interest, that every grain of it seems to have been weighed and counted? Oh! that this mysterious stranger within us could appear to us in some palpable shape, that we might inspect, handle, and examine it;—that we might be able to feel the beating of its pulse, and watch the changes of its complexion;—that we might know when it looked pale, and sickly, and death-like, and when it wore the fresh and rosy hue of health. But it hides itself from my view; it muffles itself from my observation; and though I can amuse myself with looking at the perishable body in which it is contained, through a microscope, and studying its very infirmities with a fond and melancholy delight, I do not feel a sufficient interest in the immortal and unseen spirit within, to follow it into its hiding-places, and pursue it into its recesses. If we went no further, this is enough to prove that there is some fatal disease within,—that we do not seem to care for the inquiry.’

Sermon the seventh is a very striking illustration of the Apostolic argument for holiness, 1 Cor. vi. 20. The eighth, on Col. iii. 3., is apparently unfinished: the train of thought is complete, however, as far as it proceeds, and the preacher

probably left the further application of the text to be supplied extempore. The ninth and tenth are on the self-denial and obedience required of the Christian; the texts are Luke ix. 23., and Matt. xi. 30. The eleventh is a specimen of the Author's earliest sermons; founded on Rom. v. 12. The last four have for their texts, 1 Cor. xiii. 12, 13; Eccl. viii. 11; 1 John iv. 10; 1 Cor. x. 13. We shall take our last specimen from the concluding sermon.

' All the excuses which we are in the habit of making, appear to be reducible to two classes;—and what is very remarkable, they contradict each other. One of these dangerous apologies is, that many of our particular temptations are in their very nature different from those of other men. We often persuade ourselves, that we are placed in circumstances totally different from those in which other human beings are involved; and often fancy that nature has given us passions and propensities from which the generality of mankind are entirely free, or by which they are much less powerfully actuated. Hence, we flatter ourselves that our situation is original, and the temptations to which we are exposed, so unlike those which human nature is generally called upon to encounter,—that the transgression into which it leads us is something new, that it stands distinct and alone; and we can scarcely bring ourselves to think that God will class it with the ordinary violations of his law, or sentence it to the same condemnation. Thus we often go on, imagining that many of our transgressions are exceptions to those of the generality of men, and that we have made out a new case for ourselves in the annals of sin, to plead before the throne of God.

' This is one of our excuses;—but what is the other?—The common frailty of our nature; the plea that all men do the same; that our sins are such as the bulk of mankind commit; and that we only gratify the passions of human nature, or its common weaknesses, in complying with such temptations. Now, would it not be enough to shew the emptiness and silliness of these apologies, to consider, that there is not a single sin that we could not justify by such means. If the temptation seems to be *peculiar to us*,—not such as human nature is in general subject to,—the first will serve. If it be one to which the generality of mankind are exposed,—the second comes to our relief: so that we are certain, that if the one fails, the other will succeed. One would imagine that this would be enough. But the passage before us meets them both. As to the *first excuse*,—that there are certain temptations peculiar to ourselves, and which we do not share in common with our fellow creatures, it says, "There hath no temptation taken you, but such as is *common to man*." But even leaving Scripture out of the question, what reason have we to suppose that we are an exception to the general laws of human nature? Should we not rather conclude, that men who partake of the same nature as ourselves, may be subject to the very same temptations. We are all inclined to conceal "the sins which most easily

beset us:" therefore, without our observation, others may be exposed to those very trials which we conceive exclusively our own, and may, at that instant, be making the very same excuse. There is no doubt that men differ very much in their character and constitution, and the ingredients of human nature are variously mixed in different beings. The ruling propensity in one man may be avarice; in another, "evil concupiscence" and debauchery; in another, gluttony and drunkenness; in another, ambition; in another, the predominant passion may be, a fondness for mischief, for riot, and blood; while another may be governed by a sottish indolence or a wild inconstancy. But, as the Apostle declares, (after enumerating the gifts of the Holy Spirit to different men,) that "all these worketh one and the self-same spirit; the spirit of sinful human nature. They are the common elements of our nature; only differently mixed. But it is generally in defence of the chief and ruling passion that we urge the first excuse, which we mentioned above; and thus, every man would yield to the passion to which he was most attached, and would embrace the sin he most loved. Every man would thus have chosen one part of the law which he might break;—that part which he was always *most inclined* to break; and, therefore, the very part which he was bound to be most watchful in observing. There, chiefly, and because it is our ruling passion, and that which exalts itself most against the love of God, lies our perilous and fiery trial, where our greatest resistance should be exerted.

'There remains, now, only the second excuse,—the frailty of human nature; the common tendency to sin, which we all feel. Alas! this indeed is true; but it is equally true, that there is "a God of purer eyes than to behold iniquity;" a God who has said, "the soul that sinneth, it shall die;" a God whom without holiness no man shall behold. Yet, even with the sense of this present to our minds and our hearts, how totally unable do we feel ourselves, to make that great and continued exertion;—to effect that complete revolution in heart, in conversation, and in practice, which shall qualify us to stand before the Holiness of God. How totally unable do we feel ourselves, to make any advance, even under the consciousness, that we are bound by *his* command, bound by our own consciences,—our own hopes and fears, bound by the thoughts of death and life, bound by the prospect of misery or immortality, to lay all our earthly affections at his feet, and consecrate our very beings to his service! How feebly do we attempt to struggle through the throng and crowd of temptations that besiege and beset us on every side, and that stand between us and our God! The passage before us, in reply to our first excuse, declared that there hath no temptation taken us that is not common to man; but what says it to our second,—the frailty of our unfortunate nature?—"God is faithful, who will not suffer you to be tempted above that ye are able." Here, with our warning, is our great consolation. It is not merely that God will assist us, but that he will not suffer us to be tempted above that we are able. It is uttered in all the majesty of conscious Omnipotence. I will not suffer you to be tempted above that ye are able. It is as if he had

promised to work a miracle, rather than allow us to be overpowered. It is as if he would shake the powers of heaven and earth, rather than that his promise should not be performed;—that he would check the course of nature, that he would stop the sun in his career, if he were found to bring us into dangers out of which there is no escape; that he would arrest the profligate current of human affairs,—that he would say to the tide of temptations, if it were pouring in too boldly upon us, “Thus far shalt thou come, and no further.”

‘ But let us fully understand the meaning and the nature of this glorious promise. We may observe then, in the first place; it is not a promise of grace which excuses us from resisting temptation, but of grace by which we are enabled to overcome it. So that while, by the blood of Christ, and by that alone, we are saved, and while no human being shall be able to say he has earned salvation unto himself, we are ten times, and ten times more bound to wage war with the world, the flesh, and the devil, as the unworthy sinners whom Christ has redeemed, than as the presumptuous Pharisee who proudly counts over his works and his alms as the price of his salvation. For we are endowed with new motives and new strength to resist it, which he, “trusting in himself,” never could experience. In fact, God does every thing for us, short of what is inconsistent with his own nature, which revolts at impurity and sin. For our sakes, He sends his Son on earth, to a life of sorrow and persecution, and to a death of agony and shame, in order to redeem us from the punishment of sin; He sends his Holy Spirit, to purify us from its corruption; He utters prophecy to warn us; He works miracles to convince us; every thing, in fact, that is not incompatible with the fixed principle of his nature, “Without holiness no man shall see the Lord.”

‘ The second thing to be observed in this promise, is the inseparable connexion of Divine grace with human exertion. He does not say that he will not suffer us to be *overcome*, but that he will not suffer us to be tempted above that we are able. Here we see the genuine operation of the grace of God. Human exertion without it, is hopeless, powerless, ineffectual. Dependent upon our own exertion alone, we should be tempted above that we are able. On the other hand, the grace of God is given in vain, unless we embrace it humbly,—unless we hold it fast in our hearts,—unless we wield it in our hands. It does not actually vanquish the temptation; but it clothes us for the battle in the armour of righteousness. Therefore, with watching and praying, and with fear and trembling, let us await the approach of every temptation that we see bearing down upon our souls. Inspired by the animating assurance, that God is faithful, and will not suffer us to be tempted above that we are able; and with the awful sense that God is on our side, and that we must not dare to desert his standard when he promises us victory; let us advance to fight the good fight of faith. But let us march with slow and thoughtful steps, and an humble and resigned confidence, to meet the attack of sin and death under the shadow of His holi-

ness, who would often have gathered us under his protecting wing, and we would not. 'Thus will this poor worm, who once crawled along the earth, yielding, with a faint heart and a trembling conscience, to every sin that assailed him, become "more than conqueror through him that loved him."'

If the transition from poetry to theology has, to any of the lovers of light reading, been an unwelcome one, these extracts must, we think, convince them, that a sermon may be not less interesting than an ode;—interesting, we mean, even apart from the infinite importance of the subject, as bearing all the marks of originality, energy, and taste which delight us in the lighter compositions. In these sermons, it is quite evident that Mr. Wolfe had reined in his fancy, and had studied the utmost simplicity and sobriety of expression; but still, they are richly imbued with the genuine elements of poetry. In their style and diction, indeed, they are pure prose; there is no tinsel, no artificial cadence, no pomp of language about them; but the images of the past, the present, and the future are held up with a graphic vividness of expression, and the characters of men are portrayed with a dramatic distinctness, that shew the imaginative cast and power of the Author's mind. And the charm of these sermons is, that the effect is produced, not by elaborate paragraphs, or a train of vehement declamation, but by a few simple touches. Nothing can be more concise, and yet, nothing more natural and perspicuous than the diction; nothing more admirable than the pure and fervent love to God and man which glows in every sentiment. A short biographical notice shall close this article.

Charles Wolfe, the youngest son of Theobald Wolfe, Esq., of Blackhall, County Kildare, was born at Dublin, Dec. 14, 1791. General Wolfe, the 'hero of Quebec,' and the late Lord Kilwarden, were both related to his family. His father died when he was very young. At eleven years of age, Charles was sent to a school at Salisbury, whence he was removed, in 1805, to Winchester school. Here he soon distinguished himself by his proficiency in classical studies, especially by his early talent for Latin and Greek versification. At no school to which he ever went, did he ever receive even a slight punishment or even reprimand. When a boy, he had a strong wish to enter the army, but, on finding that it would pain his mother, he totally gave up the idea. In 1809, he entered the university of Dublin, where he was early rewarded by many academical honours. The prize poem which he wrote in the first year of his college course, on the subject, *Jugurtha incarceratus*, is, for a youth of eighteen, a most brilliant pro-

duction. Towards the close of this year, he sustained the loss of his only surviving parent. At the usual period he obtained a scholarship with the highest honour, upon which he immediately became a resident in college; but an inauspicious attachment weakened the stimulus to his exertions for the attainment of a fellowship, with which marriage is held incompatible. 'His prospects for obtaining a competency in any other pursuit were so distant and uncertain, that the family of the young lady deemed it prudent at once to break off all further intercourse, before a mutual engagement had actually taken place.' This heartless treatment, he long and severely felt.

'In a short time after this severe disappointment, and a few days previous to his ordination, (which took place in Nov. 1817,) his feelings received another shock by the death of a dear fellow-student, one of his most valued and intimate friends. Under the deep impression of two such afflictive trials, he was obliged to prepare for a removal from society which he loved,—from the centre of science and literature, to which he was so much devoted, to an obscure and remote country curacy in the North of Ireland, where he could not hope to meet one individual to enter into his feelings or to hold communion with him upon the accustomed subjects of his former pursuits. He felt as if he had been transplanted into a totally new world,—as a missionary abandoning home, and friends, and cherished habits for the awful and important work to which he had solemnly devoted himself.'

Mr. Wolfe had, from his childhood, been impressed with religious feelings; and his Biographer remarks, that 'the pure moral taste which seemed almost a natural element of his mind, may properly be attributed to the gradual and insensible operation of that Divine principle with which he had been so early imbued.' He is represented as having been always devout and regular in his habits of private prayer and attendance upon public worship. But, when he came to preach the doctrines and duties of Christianity to others, they burst upon his mind in their full magnitude and in all their awful extent. Under such circumstances and with such feelings he entered on the arduous duties of his station. 'I am again,' he writes in 1818, 'the weather-beaten curate: I have trudged roads—forded bogs—braved snow and rain—become umpire between the living—have counselled the sick—administered to the dying—and to-morrow shall bury the dead.' A large portion of the parish is situated in a wild, hilly country, abounding in bogs and trackless wastes, with a scattered population. When he entered upon his work, he found the church thinly attended; but, in a short time, the effects of his con-

stant zeal, his impressive style of preaching, and his daily intercourse with his parishioners, soon began to appear in the crowded congregations which gathered round him. A considerable number of the Protestants in his parish were either Presbyterians or Wesleyans, and 'there was nothing, as he himself declared, which he found more difficult and trying at first, than how to discover and pursue the best mode of dealing with the numerous conscientious dissenters in his parish.' He had soon, however, as might have been anticipated, many of each denomination among his constant hearers. 'I have preached,' he writes, 'to both in the church, and conversed with both in the cottage.' The affectionate cordiality and simple earnestness of his general deportment, together with the solemnity and tenderness of his manner of preaching, won upon their affections; and some of the good Presbyterians and Methodists who flocked to hear him, have been known to say, that 'he would almost do for a meeting-minister.' An artless encomium, which implies much.

'During the year that the typhus fever raged most violently in the North of Ireland, his neighbourhood was much afflicted with the disease; and thus, the important duty of visiting the sick, (which to him was always a work of most anxious solicitude,) was vastly increased; and he accordingly applied himself with indefatigable zeal in every quarter of his extended parish, in administering temporal and spiritual aid to his poor flock. In the discharge of such duties he exposed himself to frequent colds; and his disregard of all precaution, and of the ordinary comforts of life to which he had been accustomed, soon, unhappily, confirmed a consumptive tendency in his constitution, of which some symptoms appeared when at college. His frame was robust, and his general health usually strong; but an habitual cough, of which he seemed almost unconscious, often excited the apprehensions of his friends; and at length, in the spring of 1821, the complaint of which it seemed the forerunner, began to make inroads upon his constitution. No arguments, however, could for a long time dissuade him from his usual work. So little did he himself regard the fatal symptoms, that he could not be prevailed upon to relax his parochial labours. At length, his altered looks and other unfavourable symptoms appeared so alarming, that some of his most respectable parishioners wrote to his friends in Dublin, to urge them to use their influence in persuading him to retire for a while from his arduous duties, and to have the best medical advice for him without further delay. But, such was the anxiety he felt for his parish, and so little conscious did he seem of the declining state of his health, that no entreaties could avail.'

'The habits of his life while he resided on his own cure, were in every respect calculated to confirm his constitutional tendency to consumption. He seldom thought of providing a regular meal, and

his humble cottage exhibited every appearance of the neglect of the ordinary comforts of life. A few straggling rush-bottomed chairs, piled up with his books,—a small rickety table before the fire-place, covered with parish memoranda,—and two trunks, containing all his papers, serving at the same time to cover the broken parts of the floor,—constituted all the furniture of his sitting-room. The mouldy walls of the closet in which he slept, were hanging with loose folds of damp paper; and between this wretched cell and his parlour, was the kitchen, which was occupied by the disbanded soldier, his wife, and their numerous brood of children, who had migrated with him from his first quarters, and seemed now in full possession of the whole concern, entertaining him merely as a lodger, and usurping the entire disposal of his small plot of ground, as the absolute lords of the soil.'

Such is the picture presented to us of the life of an Irish curate! Such is the style in which the wealthiest ecclesiastical establishment in the world provides for her effective labourers! He was at length kindly forced away to Dublin, where his physician, to use his own expression, stripped him of his gown. He passed the winter of 1822 at Exeter, and in the following summer, was ordered to try the effect of a voyage to Bourdeaux; but the apparent benefit he derived from these measures, was slight and transient: the fatal disease had taken full hold of his constitution. About the end of November, it was deemed advisable that he should guard against the severity of the winter by removing to the Cove of Cork. Here he languished till the 21st of February 1823, on which day he breathed his last, in the thirty-second year of his age. For the interesting particulars of his last moments, worthy of his saintly life, we must refer our readers to the affecting narrative of his friend and biographer, who has done himself honour by the manner in which he has performed this act of affection and justice to the memory of Mr. Wolfe, and of duty to the public. These Remains will not fail to obtain the popularity which they deserve; and the bright example of this apostolic man will preach to the hearts of thousands still more impressively than even his pathetic living eloquence.

Art. III. *Travels among the Arab Tribes inhabiting the Countries East of Syria and Palestine*; including a Journey from Nazareth to the Mountains beyond the Dead Sea, and from thence through the Plains of the Hauran to Bozra, Damascus, Tripoly, &c. With an Appendix, containing a Refutation of certain unfounded Calumnies against the Author of this Work. By J. S. Buckingham, Author of *Travels in Palestine*, &c. 4to. pp. 680. Price 3l. 13s. 6d. London, 1825.

THIS volume forms a sequel to Mr. Buckingham's *Travels in Palestine*, reviewed in the seventeenth volume of our Journal,—a work of which we felt authorized to speak favourably on the whole, as adding materially to our information with respect to some parts of the Holy Land hitherto rarely visited. Although there was some little appearance of book-making, the diligent pains evidently taken by the Author to turn his travels to the best account by the aid of historical and scriptural illustration, sufficiently atoned for this besetting sin of travellers. As an account of the Holy Land, it is in all respects superior to the corresponding part of the travels of Dr. Clarke, by whom the art of book making was carried to perfection. Mr. Buckingham, in whatever literary or scientific qualification he may be deficient, is certainly a very clever, observant, and meritorious traveller. Into the quarrel between him and the Bankes's, we have no wish to enter; but we must say, that a more unfair, ungentlemanly, and unprincipled article never appeared in any respectable journal, than that article in the *Quarterly Review*, by which it was attempted to run down the Author's former volume, and for which a jury have recently brought in a verdict of damages*. Mr. Buckingham is not the only oriental traveller who has met with such treatment in the *Quarterly Review*. Dr. Richardson, a man whose learning and piety are both unquestionable, and whose travels are of high value and interest, was insulted as an ignoramus, and his work was represented as of less value than even the flimsy volume of Sir Frederick Henniker. That there must have been some personal motive for all this, is quite obvious: it has been supposed to proceed from the mean jealousy of a rival traveller. Whatever dictated it, nothing can extenuate the

* Mr. Murray, the publisher, much to his honour, declined offering any defence. The Attorney-General said, 'that he was instructed by his client the defendant, not to proceed with the case, and to express his regret that his publication had been made the vehicle of private slander against the plaintiff.'—*Morn. Chron.* July 14, 1825.

baseness of the proceeding, which is chargeable alike with bad faith, (wilful falsehood being clearly chargeable on the Reviewer,) meanness, and cowardice. If Mr. Gifford was only the tool, we pity him.

The present volume contains an account of the Author's journey from Nazareth, where the former volume terminates, through the Haouran, to Damascus, and thence, along the coast, to Aleppo. In consequence of the disturbed state of the country at that period, he deemed it imprudent to attempt to proceed from Nazareth to Damascus direct, and therefore, (although we must confess that we do not clearly comprehend his reasons,) thought it best to turn southward, and try to reach Assalt and Kerek, with the intention of reaching Bagdadt. Laying aside his Turkish costume, he assumed the mean garb of a Bedoween, and, accompanied by a Christian Arab as his guide, set off on his singularly round-about excursion.

The route from Nazareth to Assalt (Szalt) is much frequented by merchants, and was travelled by Burckhardt in 1812. Instead, however, of following the valley of the Jordan as far southward as Bisan, Mr. Buckingham crossed the river about two hours below its outlet from the Lake of Tiberias, where it was not more than a hundred feet wide, but scarcely fordable. About one o'clock on the second day, he arrived at the site of considerable ruins on the eastern bank, which still bear the name of Amatha. A torrent descends from the hills above, and falls into the Jordan under the name of Wady Râjib, and a city of that name is said to have occupied the summit. Soon after fording the Zerka, he ascended a hill called *Djebel Arkoob Massaloobeah*, on the summit of which is a fine level and fertile plain with an ancient site, called by the Arabs Massaera or Mashaera, which he supposes to be the ancient Machaerus. This plain forms the base of the high range of hills to which is given the name of *Djebel Assalt*. In ascending this range, our Traveller soon came to the snow; and on the highest summit, which, Burckhardt says, is called *Djebel Osha*, the cold was excessive, and the snow formed one unbroken mass. Mr. Buckingham conjectures the height to be about 5,000 feet above the level of the sea.

' Tradition confirms the Arabs of the country in the belief that this is the summit of Mount Nebo. On the very peak of the highest eminence stands a tomb, with several common graves about it. This is called the tomb of *Nebbe Osha*, the prophet Joshua; and the belief is general, that the successor of Moses was buried here. The humbler graves around it are said to be those of Jews who had chosen this as their place of sepulture. The tomb appeared to me a

Mahommedan structure, differing little in exterior appearance from the reputed tomb of Rachel, between Jerusalem and Bethlehem; but we did not go near enough to examine it closely.'

Whether this be Mount Nebo or not, it is certainly no part of Mount Ephraim, and therefore has no pretensions to the honour of containing the bones of the successor of Moses. But Nebby Osha is the prophet Hosea, and the blunder is in this case chargeable on the Traveller. All sorts of tombs, however, Roman, Saracen, and Turkish, are objects of veneration among the Arabs, under the name of some Jewish patriarch or Mahommedan sheikh. Not the slightest dependence can be placed on their traditions. In fact, no structure of any kind can claim the character of a Hebrew monument, as it is clear from the sacred records, that the primitive places of sepulture were caves.

The town of Szalt (certainly not "the city of Salt," Josh. xv. 62, as Mr. Buckingham imagines) has a very imposing appearance, surmounted by a large castle, as old, probably, as the time of the Crusades, but which is said to have been almost rebuilt by the celebrated Sheikh Dahher, whose history is given by Volney. Much of the original pile is in ruins, but a portion of a square tower remains. In different parts of the motley building, the Roman and the Saracen arch are seen together; but both appear, Mr. Buckingham says, to be modern additions to the original building. Within the castle is a fine spring of water. Near a small mosque at one corner of the citadel are two small European swivels, apparently not more than fifty years old.

'So rapidly, however, are things and events forgotten in countries where no written or printed records of them are kept, that no person at Assalt knew any thing of the history of these guns; although, from the difficulty of bringing such articles to an isolated spot like this, and from their being probably the only cannon that were ever known here, the circumstance of their first arrival at the town must have been an event of great importance at the time, and have been talked of for months and years afterwards.'

They were probably transported here by Dahher. Burckhardt says, that this place sustained a siege of three months from a pasha of Damascus; but the Arab sheikh who governs here, still maintained his independence. The population consists partly of Arabs, partly of Greek Christians, refugees originally from Nazareth. They mix together on the most friendly terms, and the one class are quite as good Christians as the other. Their dress, their mode of salutation, and their exterior appearance are the same, and, in return for this un-

usual tolerance on the part of the Moslems, the Greeks abstain from pork, wine, and spirits, for which they indemnify themselves by eating flesh and butter in Lent. Though free from all burdens, and in the full enjoyment of civil and religious liberty, the people of Assalt, however, are excessively rude, ignorant, and idle, as fond of gossip as the ancient Athenians, but, in their manners, ruder than even the modern Egyptians. The Christians, being all of the Greek Church, consider the Russians as the first people in the world, and Bonaparte as the greatest of heroes; but the English, it seems, were allowed to be a very superior race of infidels. Many of the inhabitants, Mr. Buckingham says, have light-coloured eyes, soft auburn hair, and fair complexions. The women would be pleasing if they did not follow the Arab fashion of staining their lips and marking other parts of the face with a deep indigo blue! They dress like the Syrians, but are more profuse in their display of strings of gold and silver coin. Their language, Burckhardt says, is the true Bedoween dialect. Mr. Buckingham attended the service of the Greek church on the Sunday. It is a vaulted room, about thirty feet by fifteen, and between twelve and fifteen feet high, resembling the House of Peter at Tiberias. The altar, which stands at the east end, is separated by a screen with two arched door-ways closed by sliding curtains. Empty ostrich eggs suspended on cords from the roof, and glass tumblers serving for lamps, are among the ornaments; while three small pictures of Greek saints, containing more gilding than painting, and a large wooden cross, complete the ecclesiastical furniture.

‘At our first entrance,’ says our Traveller, ‘we found the room so crowded that it was difficult for us to make our way in. There were assembled at least a hundred persons, which was a large congregation for so small a church: the men were placed in front, with the women behind them; and every individual, whether old or young, was seen standing. When we got near the altar, we were presented with crutches; and as the service is extremely long, and all are required to stand during its performance, we found them very acceptable. The service appeared to me nearly the same as I had before witnessed in the Greek churches of Asia Minor, and differed only in being performed in the Arabic, instead of the Greek language. The priest wore a coat of many colours,—a garment apparently as much esteemed throughout these parts in the present day, as it was in the days of the patriarch Jacob, or in the time of Sisera. In the exercise of his functions, the priest remained mostly at the altar, while young boys, bearing censers, were constantly waving them round his sacred person. On the outside of the screen were two side altars, at each of which a person repeated passages of the Psalms to another

near him, who sung them. The congregation criticised the faults of these singers as they proceeded, without scruple or reserve, sufficiently loud to be heard by every one in the room; and the noise and confusion arising from this general conversation, was such as to take away from the scene all appearance of an assembly met to worship. When the priest came to the door of the screen to read aloud some portion of the service, a number of men who had bared their heads and shoulders, pressed around him, and bowed down their necks to make of them a resting-place for the large book from which he read the service of the day. When this ceremony was ended, the priest walked through the body of the church with the sacramental cup elevated, and a silk covering on his head; those of the congregation who were nearest to him, falling on the earth, and kissing his feet and the hem of his garment; while those who were not near enough to pay him this mark of homage, stretched forth their hands to touch some part of his robes, kissing their own fingers afterwards with great reverence, and even communicating the benefit of this holy touch to those who were behind them and could not come in direct contact with the priest's person. On our quitting the church, all the men of the congregation saluted each other by kissing on the cheek and forehead; and I came in for a large share of this, being saluted by upwards of twenty of my guide's friends, some of whom were smooth-faced boys, and others bearded elders.'

In what dialect is this Arabic service book?—for such we presume this 'large book' to have been. The vernacular idiom, it has been already mentioned, is the Bedoween Arabic; and Mr. Buckingham found it differ so much from the language of Cairo, that he had often great difficulty in understanding it. Was the service then intelligible to the congregation? In what character was the book written? Had the people of Szalt seen an Arabic Bible? These are inquiries which will naturally occur to the reader, but we must look to future travellers to resolve them. Among these poor Arab-Greeks at all events, the Arabic Version of the Scriptures, if they can read it, might be circulated with the happiest effects, without danger of their being too fastidious to look at a volume printed with metal types or written in any dialect less classical than that of the Koran.

In a valley which runs eastward of the town are grottoes, many of which are inhabited by shepherds. The hills which enclose this valley, are laid out in vineyards. On the other side of the steep hill which closes its southern extremity, is a place still called *Anab*, which is plausibly conjectured to be the place referred to, Josh. xi. 21; xv. 50.

'The word itself signifies *grapes*, a fruit with which the whole of this region abounds, and which it appears to have possessed in the earliest ages; for this is the part of the country into which the spies

were sent by Moses, when encamped in the wilderness of Paran, to spy out the land, and whence they brought back a branch with a cluster of grapes, as a proof of the fertility of the soil. Anab is still inhabited by about one hundred persons; but these all live in grottoes or caves excavated in the rock, which are probably more ancient than any buildings now existing..... They are all hewn out by the hand of man, and are not natural caverns, but, from their great antiquity, and the manner in which they were originally executed, they have a very rude appearance. Nevertheless, the persons who occupy them (chiefly shepherds) fortunately deem them far superior to buildings of masonry. With the exception of a chimney, (a defect existing in all the buildings of these parts,) they are very comfortable retreats, being drier and more completely sheltered from wind and rain, than either house or tent, besides being warmer in winter and cooler in summer than any other kind of dwelling-place.'

About six hours S.E. of Assalt, are the ruins of Amman, the ancient Philadelphia, of which Burckhardt has given a brief description. Here are remains of a grand theatre, superior, Mr. Buckingham says, in size and beauty, to either of those at Djerash, and built, like most of the Roman amphitheatres, against the side of a hill: the Arabs call it *Serail-el-Sultaun*, the king's palace. Burckhardt describes it as the largest he had seen in Syria. The other principal ruins consist of the acropolis, a very extensive building, enclosing deep cisterns; two or three temples; an odeum; a high arched bridge; some colonnades; and Burckhardt mentions a 'spacious church.' The architecture is for the most part Corinthian. No inscriptions were detected by either of these travellers, except a few Greek letters transcribed by Mr. Buckingham. Captain Mangles, who visited Amman in 1818, in company with the Hon. Captain Irby, Mr. Legh, and Mr. Bankes, says, 'We did not find any inscriptions.' In the side of the hill, without the city, are several grottoes, and near them some sarcophagi, indicating the ancient burying-place. The valley is traversed by a fine, clear brook of excellent water, containing abundance of fish, which issues from a pond at a few hundred paces from the south-western end of the town, and falls into the *nahr-el-Zerka*. Yet, this beautiful situation is without an inhabitant! Other ruins, excavated tombs, and sarcophagi, are found at Gherbet el Sookh, Yedoudy, and Mehanafish, (so Mr. Buckingham writes the words,) which appear highly to deserve examination. The whole of this elevated region, the plain of Belkah, would admit of cultivation.

Our Author proceeded on the road to Kerek, as far as the ruined town of *Ooom el Russa* (written by Burckhardt, *Om el Reszasz*, i. e. Mother of Lead), where the only remarkable

remain is a tower, ten feet square at its base and from thirty to forty feet high, and fantastically ornamented. It is evidently of the times of the lower empire; but its design it is difficult to conjecture. It is seen at a distance of between 15 and 20 miles. Here our Traveller fell in with some Arabs, from whom he obtained the unwelcome information, that the road to Kerek was unsafe, and the idea of crossing the desert to Bagdad absolutely chimerical. Not an individual in Kerek, he was assured, would, under the existing circumstances of the country, accompany him as a guide on such a journey. He had no choice, therefore, but to return to Assalt. In his way back, he passed the ruins of Huzbaun or Heshbon, which occupy a commanding elevation. Captain Mangles, speaking of them, says: 'We found the ruins uninteresting, and the only pool we saw, was too insignificant for one of those mentioned in Scripture.' Mr. Buckingham describes the heaps of ruins as occupying an area of about a mile in circuit, and some of the masonry appeared to him very ancient. On the north, are many grottoes in the side of a hill.

'On the low ground to the south of the town, and about half a mile from the foot of the hill on which it stands, is a large reservoir, constructed of good masonry, and not unlike the cisterns of Solomon near Jerusalem, to which this is also nearly equal in size. If Huzbhan be the Heshbon of the scriptures, of which there can be little doubt, as it agrees so well, both in name and local position, these reservoirs may probably be the very fish-pools of Solomon, to which that monarch compares the eyes of his love in the Canticles, ch. vii. ver. 4.'

We do not quite comprehend how the reservoir mentioned at the beginning of this paragraph, acquires its right to the plural number at the close. Nor does Mr. Buckingham let us know, what ground of comparison he imagines to have existed between this cistern and the eyes of a beautiful woman. If, as we apprehend, the allusion referred to the brightness and clearness of the water, a reservoir of standing water would ill correspond to the fish-pools in question. Moreover, we should very much doubt that this reservoir was ever designed to contain fish. It has been supposed that the city called Caspis, 2 Macc. xii, 13, was Heshbon. If so, the fish-pools are probably alluded to in ver. 16. Judas, having taken the city, is said to have made unspeakable slaughter, 'insomuch that a lake two furlongs broad, near adjoining thereunto, being filled full, was seen running with blood.' Of the identity of this site with the ancient Heshbon, we entertain little doubt. If so, there may possibly be found some traces of a

pool or lake connected with the 'fine stream of water' which flows through *Wady Huzban*: probably, it has its source in the 'fish-pools.' We have already seen that fish abound in the *Moiel Amman*.

From Assalt, our Traveller decided on proceeding to Damascus. In his way he again visited the ruins of Jerash, and collected the chief part of the materials for the description which appears in his former volume. The castle of Adjeloun, in size, situation, and construction, is stated to resemble that of Assalt: it appeared to be a Roman work with Saracenic additions. At the village of Cufr Injey, our Author noticed sepulchral caves and other indications of an ancient site. About three quarters of an hour from this village, are the caves of Irak-el-Wehheir; the largest is about a hundred feet long and thirty feet high. At Bosra in the Haouran, the ancient capital of Auranitis, there appear to be some very interesting remains. Opposite a building which is still called the Bath; there is

'a large building entirely constructed out of the ruins of more ancient edifices. In some parts are seen columns of white marble in one solid shaft; in others, pillars of black basalt formed out of several distinct pieces, and curious capitals of different ages, orders, and materials. The last use to which it had been appropriated was, no doubt, that of a place of Christian worship; but it was difficult even to conjecture to what age its origin should be ascribed, as there was a mixture of emblems and ornaments which it would require much time and great difficulty, to separate from each other, and assign with any accuracy to their respective authors. Of inscriptions alone, there were Cufic, Arabic, and Greek. Of sculpture, there were some portions that might be as old as the Chaldean times, others worthy of any of the five Greek orders; and others again of a much later date and much inferior execution. Some of the stucco work on the wall was extremely rich, while the paintings on the same surface were the most miserable performances. The pavement was formed of large flat stones laid in diagonal squares, and other parts were entirely neglected, so that throughout the whole, there was a mixture of antiquity and freshness, of wealth and poverty, of skill and ignorance, of care and neglect, which rendered it more puzzling to decide on its original purpose and intention than any building I had yet seen.'

From another building, which Mr. Buckingham supposes to have been an early place of Christian worship, but which is called (according to Burckhardt) *Deir Boheiry*, the monastery of Boheiry, our Traveller copied the same inscription that, with some variation, is given by Sheikh Ibrahim. Mr. Buckingham's copy is clearly unintelligible, which affords the clearest

proof that it is not borrowed. The other ruins consist of temples, churches, and mosques. The grand mosque is pronounced by Burckhardt to be certainly coeval with the first age of Mohammedism, and the Cufic inscriptions on the walls confirm this opinion. We suspect that this is the mysterious building alluded to in the above extract. The castle is one of the best built fortresses in Syria, and is much larger than either that of Assalt or that of Adjeloun. It is inhabited by about forty Mohammedan families. In the very centre, Mr. Buckingham says,

'I was at once surprised and delighted by our coming suddenly upon a fine Roman theatre, apparently of great extent and beauty in its original state, though now so confounded with other ruins that it was difficult to say, whether the castle was originally a Roman work with this theatre in the centre, or a Saracen work built upon the ruins of a Roman theatre.....The theatre faces exactly the N.N.E., where it had a closed front, with Doric wings, fan or shell-topped niches, and Doric door-ways, and a range of pilasters above these, marking a second story. There was only one flight, or rather division of seats, consisting of seven or eight ranges of benches gradually rising and receding, in the manner of all the theatres of antiquity. The upper range was terminated by a fine Doric colonnade running all round the semi-circle, the pillars being about three feet in diameter, supporting a plain entablature. The circuit of the upper range of seats was 230 paces. There were nine flights of *cunii* or smaller steps intersecting the ranges of seats, like rays, and these were carefully wrought, the edge of each being finished by a nicely rounded moulding, as well as the edges of the benches. The only entrances, as far as I could discover, were through arched passages in the semi-circular parts passing under the benches, and landing at the foot of the range of seats now in sight, corresponding with (to) the ancient vomitories, and about thirty in number. The whole of this noble monument of Roman splendour appeared to me to be in the chastest and best taste.'

That this theatre was not constructed after the castle, may, we apprehend, be safely affirmed; but its existence in such a situation is highly curious, and it deserves further examination. Burckhardt does not mention it. He, like Mr. Buckingham, was in a hurry. Among the pillars dispersed about the town in all directions, he observed, he says, no remains of granite; Mr. Buckingham, however, states, that he saw one fragment of a granite pillar.

From Bosra, our Author proceeded through the town of El Gheryeh, to visit the castle of Salghud (Sackhad or Salkhad—supposed to be the Salchah of Scripture), which is mentioned, along with those of Kerek, Shaubek, &c. by writers of the

times of the Crusades. It bears a general resemblance to the castles of Bosra, Adjeloun, and Assalt, and is clearly referrible to the same era. It is nearly circular; surrounded with a broad and deep ditch hewn out of the rock, and the rock itself on which the castle stands, is in part cased with masonry. It occupies an area 800 paces in circuit, on a commanding elevation. Nothing can be more picturesque than these 'castled heights,' little as the style of architecture harmonises with the sacred recollections attaching to Palestine. The town at its foot is entirely in ruins, and without a single inhabitant. The view from the castle hill is very extensive. On the west side, there were seen traces of a broad public road extending to Bosra, distant 12 miles W. by N. The elevated plains of Belka, to the southward, presented a flat surface 'almost as unbroken as the sea.' Those of the Haouran, to the west, appeared as flat, but on a much lower level. 'Proceeding round to the eastern face of the castle,' says Mr. Buckingham,—

'how was I surprised to see, as far as my sight could extend, ruined towns without number, and a country which promised a still richer harvest to the scholar, the antiquary, and the traveller, than even the interesting region behind us to the west!..... I learned that there was not a single town of all the many to the eastward of us, which was now peopled; the only inhabitants of this deserted region being the birds of the air and the beasts of the field; among which lizards, partridges, vultures, and ravens, were all that I saw, but the wolf, the hyena, and the jackall are said to abound. Some of the Great Desert tribes of the Arabs occasionally visit this country to the eastward, for the sake of the water and verdure which they occasionally find for their camels and flocks after the rain; and then, as I was assured, it often happens, that a person might, in peaceable times, go right across the whole country from west to east, passing from tribe to tribe without danger, provided he were well assured of protection from the first tribe, from whom he might obtain his safe conveyance to the next beyond it, and so on; a journey that would well reward the enterprise of any European traveller who might have the inclination, the means, and the power to accomplish it. At present, however, the great body of the Wahābees of Nejed* had so spread themselves from the borders of the Hedjaz up to the highest parts of the desert beyond Palmyra, and close to the cultivated country on the edge of Asia Minor, that there was no security for

* In 1810, the Wahabees made an excursion into the Haouran, headed by their chief Ibn Saoud, and encamped for two days near Bosra, but were unable to take the castle, though garrisoned, Burckhardt says, by only seven Moggrebins!

any one; the whole Desert, as it might be called, being in a state of war. It is to be hoped, however, that on the first favourable occasion, some intelligent traveller will be induced to make the attempt, in the course of which he will be able to explore every part of the celebrated dominions of Og the king of Bashan, of which this place of Salghud was one of the principal; and do much to elucidate the early books of Scripture, by an examination of the ruins of the "threescore cities, all the region of Argob, the kingdom of Og in Bashan," which cities "were fenced with high walls, gates, and bars, besides unwalled towns a great many." Deut. iii. 4, 5.

Mr. Buckingham returned from Salghur to Gheryeh, and thence skirting the Ledja, the ancient Trachonitis, proceeded to Ezra. He left Hebran about two miles to the eastward, and crossing the Zerdy, passed, half an hour further on, the ruined town of *Ghussun*. As this is the country of the *Beni Ghassan* who are said to have emigrated from Yemen or Arabia Felix soon after the time of Alexander the Great, (probably, subsequently to the Roman invasion of Arabia,) the name of this town is of some importance as connected with the Arabian dynasty which for nearly 500 years maintained themselves in this part of Syria. At Soueda, the capital of the Eastern Druses, there are considerable ruins, and among them is a Roman theatre, but in a very dilapidated state. The town was once, apparently, as large as Bosra. It now contains about 30 Christian and 170 Druse families. At Gunnawât in the mountains, a ruined town now containing only five or six Druse families, there are remains of a Greek church, a large Corinthian edifice called *Deir Aioobe* (the monastery of Job), a fine Corinthian temple, resembling, in its general design, the temple of Jupiter at Geraza, and a theatre, smaller than either of those at Geraza, but more beautifully situated.

Although the principal edifices at Gunnawât are much destroyed, and the whole of them in a state of ruin, it is remarkable that there are no appearances of Mohammedan works erected over these, or out of their fragments, as is the case in almost all the other cities and towns in this eastern region. The presence of the theatre indicates with certainty that this was once a settlement of the Romans, when the whole of this country was annexed to the empire as one of its colonies; and many of the principal edifices were certainly Roman temples. In the course of events, these came to be converted into Christian places of worship by the Greeks of the Lower Empire, who probably engrafted the emblem of the cross on what were originally Pagan edifices, and also affixed many of their inscriptions on such buildings at the period of their being dedicated to the service of their new faith. But no Arabic or Saracen works were seen amidst all the numerous and varied assemblage of ruins here; so that it is

probable, at least, that it might have escaped them in the fury of their conquests. I know of no place that would furnish a richer harvest to a traveller possessed of leisure and the means of research than this.'

All the streets have been originally paved with black stone. A fine stream runs in a deep bed through two rocky hills close by the town. One of the Druse inhabitants told our Traveller, that there was '*another* Haouran' behind them to the eastward, still more extensive and fertile than the western one, full of ruined cities and towns, but without any resident inhabitants, being occupied only by parties of Bedoweens. The few Druses Mr. Buckingham met with here, were handsome, clean, well dressed, and polite. He was surprised, he says, to learn, that 'though the Druses dislike the Mohammedans generally, and entertain no tenet in common with their faith, yet, many of them have been so infected with their customs, as to keep the fast of Ramadan with as much rigour as the most orthodox follower of the Arabian prophet.' In the same manner, he remarks, the moslems of India, though they profess to despise the Hindoos, have adopted many of their idolatrous superstitions and ceremonies. But it may admit of question, in the first place, whether the fast of Ramadan, though professedly instituted on the giving of the Koran, might not have been a previous observance. Then, the dislike which the Druses manifest towards the Mohammedans, by no means proves that they are not followers of the Prophet, as the rival sects of shei-ites and sunnites discover a still greater animosity. The most remarkable difference between them is, that the Druses are said not to practice circumcision. If this be fact, it would go far to render questionable their Arabian derivation. We are strongly inclined to refer their origin as a nation to a period long antecedent to the appearance of Hamza the founder of their religion, and to date their emigration from the Arabian Peninsula prior to the birth of Mohammed. Possibly, they may be descended from the Arabs of the tribe of Azd, who are said to have founded the kingdom of Ghassan, or from the Djaamian Arabs of the tribe of Salih whom they drove out. If so, they were probably heathens, and have never adopted the initial rite of the Abrahamic family.

Seven miles N.W. of Gunnawāt, and about the same distance N. by E. from Soueda, is the ruined town of Ateel or Atheel, where again are found some small temples of Corinthian architecture, and some imperfect Greek inscriptions. Eight hours from Atheel in a direction of N.W. by N. is Ned-

jeraun, inhabited by about 50 Druse families and 150 Christians: the latter have a church and two priests. The name of this town is remarkable as being the same as that of a town in Arabia, the inhabitants of which are stated to have embraced the religion of the Messiah, and to have suffered a 'terrible persecution from the Jewish monarch of Yemen, Zu Nowauss, about the beginning of the sixth century. One of these Nedjerauns (it is not clear which) was an episcopal see. 'The Druses,' says Mr. Buckingham,

'have a great veneration for this town, and for a certain place of the same name in Yemen, which they believe to be peopled by Jews, but which has recently been discovered to be in ruins. When I communicated this fact, the principal Druse of the company exclaimed, "Alas! There are but two Nedjerauns in the whole world, and these are both in decline."'

Did this Syrian town receive its name from Arabian emigrants? Mr. Buckingham noticed one building with two sloping towers, which has evidently been used at different periods as a Christian and a Mohammedan place of worship.—Four hours eastward of Nedjeraun is Shuhubah, another ancient city, inhabited by about one hundred Druse families. Here again are found, a Corinthian temple, a bath, an aqueduct, a theatre, with fragments of sculpture and Greek inscriptions, and the flat stone pavement of the town still continues perfect. It has been a walled town. Mr. Buckingham passed several other ancient sites, for the most part without inhabitants. In fact, the whole district of the Ledja, studded with the magnificent monuments of an extinct people, may be characterised as a vast ruin,—the deserted shell of a nation which has long disappeared. The ever-flowing tide of population has been forcibly diverted from its ancient channels, and has left this wide region dry and desolate.

The Druses who have taken refuge in these mountainous regions of the ancient Trachonitis, extend no further westward, in this latitude, than Nedjeraun. The town of Ezra, built, like Nedjeraun, on a projecting tongue of the rocky district called the Ledja, is described by Burckhardt as one of the principal places in the Haouran. It was once a flourishing city: its ruins are between three and four miles in circumference. The modern inhabitants are chiefly Druses and Greek Christians, who reside in the ancient stone buildings.

'In this town of Ezra are to be found the most perfect specimens of ancient houses probably throughout the whole of the Haurān: at least, I had not before met with any so good. In the course of my ramble, I was taken into one that was unoccupied, though no

part of it was destroyed, or even materially injured. The front of this exhibited the singular kind of masonry before described, as seen in the church of Mar Elias, the stones being interlocked within each other by a kind of dovetailing, and thus very strongly united without cement, with small windows, both of the square and circular form, in the same range. The central room of this house was large and lofty, and on each side of it was a wing, separated from the central room by open arcades at equal distances from the sides and from each other. The east wing appeared to have been the kitchen, and in it were seen two large fire-places in the stone wall, with hearths, as in the farm-houses in England, and a large earthen vase, half buried in the centre of the floor, and capable of containing at least a hogshead of water; with small recesses, like cupboards, around the walls. This room was low, being not a foot above a tall man's height; but the stone ceiling was as smooth as planks of wood, as well as the ends of the stones on which the massy beams that formed this roof and ceiling rested. In the centre of it was sculptured a wreath, the ends fastened with ribband, and a fanciful design within it, all executed in a style that proved it to be beyond question Roman. In the opposite or western wing, were other low rooms; and before the house was a flight of stone steps projecting from the wall, and unsupported except by the end imbedded in the original masonry, leading up to the terrace of the dwelling. In front of the whole, was an open paved court, and beyond this, stables with stalls and troughs, all hewn out of stone, for camels, oxen, mules, &c.

One of the inner divisions of the old Greek church referred to in the above paragraph, is still used for worship. It has a few paltry pictures, the usual furniture of Greek chapels, and a rude altar of stones piled together. The other parts of the building have been partitioned off into small dwellings. Ruins, Pagan, Christian, and Saracen, with inscriptions, Greek and Arabic, in abundance, are to be found in different parts of the town. In the church of St. George, Burckhardt was fortunate enough to discover a *date*,—answering to the third year of the Emperor Theodosius the younger, (A. D. 410,) in whose reign the final decrees were issued against the pagan worship; and this edifice is proved to have been an ancient temple converted into a church. The aspect of these ruins, and of the rocky country surrounding the town, he represents as far from pleasing. Mr. Buckingham says, indeed, that the whole of the stony tract of the Ledja, which he traversed in his way to Damascus, presented a most forbidding aspect. It is far otherwise with the fertile plains of the Haouran.

Having now accompanied our Author to Damascus, we must take our leave of him. The remainder of his route, though his narrative is not uninteresting, lay over districts somewhat

better known, and described, in part, by more recent travellers. Mr Buckingham bears his testimony with proper explicitness, to the gross inaccuracy or faithlessness of Volney's topographical descriptions, although no book written on these countries contains, he thinks, more accurate or philosophical views of the general aspect and condition of the country and the people. To philosophize, however, is not the business of a traveller; nor can we rely on the general views of a writer who is incorrect in his details: they are, at the best, but brilliant or fortunate conjectures.

'The more closely,' says Mr. Buckingham, 'M. Volney's work on Syria and Egypt is analysed, the more it is found to be exceedingly inaccurate in its topographical notices, and particularly of places in Syria. Many proofs might be produced in confirmation of the opinion which is generally entertained here, that he had seen but a very small part of it; and that he wrote his book chiefly in the convent of Mar Hanna, in Lebanon. Among some remarkable instances of inaccuracy, omitting his description of the cedars, the valley of Hama, and the course of the Orontes, with the port of Seleucia at its mouth, which are all faulty, he places the town of Tiberias on the east side of the lake of that name, and Safad, seven leagues to the north of it. He states the sources of the Jordan to arise in the chain of lofty mountains called Jebel-el-Shaik, which sends forth several rivulets to water the plain of Damascus: all of which is exceedingly erroneous, and could not have been stated, if he had ever visited these parts; while the objects enumerated in the view from Mount Tabor, proves beyond doubt that he never ascended it himself, but that he gave his accounts from the information of others. In speaking of the Hauran, M. Volney supposes whatever ruins were there, to have been of earth, as there was no stone, he thought, throughout these plains. No part of the world, however, presents so many ruins, in the same given space, all of stone, even to the beams, ceilings, doors, &c. usually constructed of wood.'

It will not do for travellers now, to describe scenes they have never visited, and fill up the chasms in their note-book with vague recollections or hearsay: they are too closely tracked, and the danger of detection amounts almost to certainty. Dr. Clarke's account of Palestine read tolerably well, (especially to those who had never seen Van Egmont's travels,) till Dr. Richardson, and Mr. Jolliffe, and Mr. Buckingham, and Captain Mangles, and a host of English travellers began to overrun the holy land. Denon's was held to be as undoubted authority respecting Egypt, as Volney's with regard to Syria, till Belzoni, and Legh, and Burckhardt, and Lord Belmore visited that country. What is still more provoking to an aristocratic traveller, or one who wishes to monopolise a part of the globe as his own literary territory, travelling-grounds have become as liable to the in-

trusive inroads of rival competitors as the pasture-grounds of the Bedoweens or the hunting-grounds of the American Indians. Thus, Mr. Bankes cannot visit Jerash without being forestalled with the public by Mr. Buckingham, the more industrious man of the two. And poor Burckhardt seems to have been cut to the heart by the idea that any one should go where he had been, and share the honours of his discoveries. The public, however, will take small interest in these little-minded feuds, and they will be, in every way, gainers by the competition. By the way, we are at a loss to conjecture the reason that the third volume of Burckhardt's Travels, so long announced, is still withheld from the public. Its value and interest will both be deteriorated by the delay. When it does appear, we hope that an Index will be given to the three volumes, the absence of which, in the volumes already published, is discreditable to the Editor. Mr. Buckingham has furnished us with a good Index and an excellent map. The spirited vignettes, too, add not a little to the interest of the volume. On the whole, whatever umbrage he may have given to Messrs. Briggs or Messrs. Bankes, he has deserved well of the public, who will forgive his being a plebeian and, as we fear, a liberal.

Art. IV. *Helon's Pilgrimage to Jerusalem*. A Picture of Judaism in the Century which preceded the Advent of our Saviour. Translated from the German of Frederick Strauss, with Notes and Illustrations by the Translator. 2 vols. sm. 8vo. Price 16s. London. 1824.

THE present work is an attempt to convey a picture of the Jewish people at the time that the advent of the Messiah was at hand. The first idea was evidently suggested by Anacharsis, and the Author states, that he had been inspired from boyhood with the desire of exhibiting such a picture of the Jewish nation. The plan of the work is the following.

‘ A young Jew, who had been enamoured of the prevailing Grecian philosophy, has returned to the observance of the law of his fathers, at one of those important crises in life which decide the character of succeeding periods. Bent on the fulfilment of the law, which he believes it impossible to accomplish any where but in the place where the altar of Jehovah is fixed, he makes a journey from Alexandria, where he had been brought up, accompanied by his uncle, to Jerusalem, in the spring of the year 109 before the birth of Christ; remains there during the half year which included the principle religious festivals; becomes a priest; enters into the married state; and, by the guidance of Providence, and varied experience, attains to the

conviction, that peace of mind is only to be found in believing in Him who has been promised for the consolation of Israel.

* The plan now traced, while it offered an opportunity of delineating the progress of an interesting change in the sentiments of Helon himself, seemed also to present the means of combining with this a living picture of the customs, opinions, and laws of the Jewish people. No period of their history seemed so well adapted to the design of this work, as that of John Hyrcanus. It is about this time that the books of the Maccabees close; it is the last era of the freedom and independence of the people, whose character and institutions at the same time were so nearly developed and fixed, that very little change took place between this and the time of our Saviour. It was possible, therefore, to give a picture which, as far as relates to usages and manners, should be applicable to the times of the New Testament. By selecting this period, it was more easy to avoid the inconvenience of placing fictitious characters in contact with the real personages of history, than if the time of our Saviour had been chosen. Hyrcanus and his sons have only in one instance been brought upon the scene, and even here care has been taken to keep them as much as possible in the back-ground, to avoid mingling the individual realities of history with a series of events, which the author has invented to answer the design of his work.

* It was in the last years of the long reign of Hyrcanus that the opposing sects of Sadducees and Pharisees first became conspicuous, and the one hundred and ninth year before the Christian era, is the date of the destruction of Samaria. In the description of the temple, however, I have allowed myself to anticipate a little, in order to describe its magnificence in the days of Herod, whose temple was that to which our Saviour resorted. In the description of the customs of sacrifice and prayer, I have ventured to use, but with moderation, the accounts of later times.

The design of the work has our cordial approbation. The Author's object has been, to supply a sort of picturesque illustration of the Scriptures, and, at the same time, to exhibit the Jews, as a nation, in a more pleasing light than that in which we are accustomed to contemplate them. The grand difficulty which he has had to encounter, is the want of authentic materials. Instead of being a work of profound literary research, like Anacharsis, or Mr. Mills's Theodore Ducas,—or a picture of living manners, like Anastasius or Hajji Baba,—it was inevitable that it should partake more of the character of a sentimental romance, reminding us less of Barthelemy than of Gesner. Nevertheless, the copious use which has been made of the Hebrew Scriptures, the Jewish historian, and the few other accessible sources of information, imparts to the narrative a certain authority as well as interest; and the Translator has added materially to the value of the work by the notes and il-

illustrations. A specimen or two will convey the best idea of the Author's performance.

• Helon now felt himself once more at home under his paternal roof; his former filial reverence for his mother returned; his father's spirit seemed to smile on his conversion; and the experienced counsels of his uncle proved much more than an equivalent to him for all the wisdom of the Museum. All the joys and the longings of his childhood returned upon him; the feelings of the present moment seemed to be linked immediately to the remembrances of his boyish days, and all that had intervened appeared like a period of delusion. His desire to behold Jerusalem came over him again, in all its original vividness; it had been the strongest of his early feelings, and the very names of Canaan, Zion, and Jerusalem, had held a mysterious sway over his imagination. His mother, as he sat upon her knees, had told him of the place, towards which he was taught to lisp his prayer; of the thousands who went up to the feast; of Moses, David, and Solomon; and had represented Egypt as a land of exile, another Babel, in comparison with the land of his fathers. He often saw her weep when she spoke of Jericho and her native city, and related how she, when a maiden, had gone up in the choir of singers to the festival, but must now remain in a strange land. As the severest punishment for his childish offences, he used to be told, that it would be a long time before he would be fit to accompany his father on a pilgrimage to the Holy Land; and the reward of his proficiency and his obedience was the promise of a sight of Jerusalem. When Jews from the holy city visited Alexandria, and, as their custom was, came to see his father, it was a festival for Helon; he regarded these strangers with scarcely less veneration than his fathers had done Jeremiah, and tried all the insinuating arts of which he was possessed, to induce the most courteous among them to tell him something about the land of his ancestors. It was the land of promise, the theme of sacred song, the theatre of sacred history. When his father was in a cheerful mood, he used to relate anecdotes of his pilgrimages, beginning and ending every narrative with the words of the children of Korah:

• The Lord loveth the gates of Zion,
Whose foundation is in the holy mountains,
More than all the dwellings of Jacob.
Glorious is it to speak of thee,
O city of God!—Ps. lxxxvii.

• The journey from which his father never returned, was to have been the last which he made alone:—on the next, Helon was to have accompanied him. His grief at being obliged to remain at home, his mother's tears, his father's solemn farewell, as it were prophetic of the fatal event; his mother's daily remarks, "Now they are in Hebron, to-day they will reach Jerusalem; to-day the passover begins, to-day it will be over;" their joyful expectations of his return, and the overwhelming intelligence of his death; had all combined to leave an impression on his mind, which he had with difficulty mastered for a

time, and which now revived with uncontrollable force. Since his return to the law of his fathers, a pilgrimage to Jerusalem had been his dream by night and his thought by day. Leontopolis, the character and proceedings of the Hellenists, and even the conversation at this evening's entertainment, all conspired to convince him, that Egypt was no place for the fulfilment of the law. It was now the predominant wish of his soul to become a true Israelite, a faithful follower of the law, and a worthy member of the people of the Lord, and he felt that only in the Holy Land could he become so.'

The first book is occupied with the journey of the pilgrims from Alexandria to the confines of Palestine. During the journey, occasion is taken to introduce a very pleasing outline of the Jewish history. The rise of the kingdom of Judah is thus explained by the venerable Elisama.

' " Thus was the land acquired ; but there was still wanting a civil constitution, and a vigorous executive government. Jehovah alone would be their king ; but the people felt the necessity that this dignity should be embodied to them in the person of one from among themselves. Samuel disapproved this imitation of the customs of the heathens, but he was compelled to yield, and anointed first Saul, then David, king. In the whole history of our nation, there is no character that takes a more powerful hold of human sympathies than David, from his youth and his friendship, his heroic spirit, his conquests and institutions, his weaknesses and his sufferings. Scripture calls him ' a man after God's own heart.' Under him the promise of God to Abraham was fulfilled in the amplest sense, and from the river of Egypt to the great river Euphrates, the whole country was subject to Israel. But he did still more. He became the central point to all the tribes who had hitherto lived in nominal federation and virtual independence. He united all the five millions of his subjects by a common bond, and made Jerusalem the capital. For the first time, under him, it was possible to observe the civil laws of Moses. Joshua had conquered a country for the law, but David established a state for it.

' " Still one thing was wanting, the temple, in which the glory of the Lord should dwell. The tabernacle, its prototype, had been brought to Shiloh, and from thence to Gibeon. The ark had been captured by the Philistines, had been brought back by them to Bethshemesh, thence to Kiriath Jearim, to Gilgal, to Nob, to the house of Obed-Edom at Gibeon, and finally to Zion. In all these places sacrifices had been performed. This was contrary to the will of Jehovah. David, who knew this, had already made preparations for the building of a temple, but it was not the pleasure of Jehovah that he should erect it. It was reserved for Solomon his son, to be the third, who, after Joshua and David, should furnish the last and most important of those means which still were wanting to make the external observance of the law practicable. And how did he perform this duty ! In what strains do our sacred books speak of his wisdom,

of his riches, and of the unparalleled splendour of his temple! Kings and queens came from the east to behold this wonder of the world.

“ The reign of Solomon was the era in which all was fulfilled, which Israel could still desire ; in which every thing united to give external dignity to the worship of Jehovah. The country was tranquil within, and at peace with its neighbours, governed by its king with wisdom, and united by the temple which served as a central point to the whole nation. This is the most splendid era of our history, and when an Israelite pictures to himself days of happiness and prosperity, it is under the image of the reign of Solomon.

“ Only read, Myron, the translation of our Books of Kings, and you will be surprised to find, that on reaching the reign of Solomon, you are transported from the calm tone of historic narrative, to the animated style of poetry, as if its own traits and colours were not strong or bright enough to do justice to the reminiscences of those joyous, youthful days. In the history of a nation, as in the life of an individual, there is always some one period, in which every thing is combined that contributes to happiness; it comes once, and comes not again.”

More use might have been made with good effect of the topographical descriptions furnished by modern travellers, in describing the passage of the desert and the scenery of the route. Helon's feelings on entering the holy land are thus described.

“ They had not proceeded far inward from the sea, in the direction of the river Besor, when they reached the confines of Judah; they stood at the foot of its hills, and the land of the heathen lay behind them. Helon seemed to feel for the first time what home and native country mean. In Egypt, where he had been born and bred, he had been conscious of no such feeling; for he had been taught to regard himself as only a sojourner there. Into this unknown, untrodden native country he was about to enter, and before he set his foot upon it, at the first sight of it, the breeze seemed to waft from its hills a welcome to his home. “ Land of my fathers,” he exclaimed, “ Land of Promise, promised to me also from my earliest years!” and quickened his steps to reach it. He felt the truth of the saying, that Israel is Israel only in the Holy Land. “ Here,” said Elisama, “ is the boundary of Judah.” Helon, unable to speak, threw himself on the sacred earth, kissed it and watered it with his tears, and Sallu, letting go the bridles of the camels, did the same. Elisama stood beside them, and as he stretched his arms over them, and, in the name of the God of Abraham, of Isaac, and of Jacob, blessed their going out and their coming in, his eyes too overflowed with tears, and his heart seemed to warm again, as with the renewal of a youthful love. See, he exclaimed,

The winter is past, the rain is over and gone,
The flowers appear on the earth;
The time of the singing of birds is come,

The voice of the turtle-dove is heard in our land.

The fig-tree putteth forth her green figs,

The vines give fragrance from their blossoms.—Cant. ii. 10.

‘They proceeded slowly on their way; Helon gazed around him on every side, and thought he had never seen so lovely a spring. The latter rains had ceased, and had given a quickening freshness to the breezes from the hills, such as he had never known in the Delta. The narcissus and the hyacinth, the blossoms of the apricot and peach, shed their last fragrance around. The groves of terebinth, the oliveyards and vineyards stood before them in their living green: the corn, swollen by the rain, was ripening fast for the harvest, and the fields of barley were already yellow. The wide meadows, covered with grass for the cattle, the alternation of hill and valley, the rocks hewn out in terraces, and filled with earth, and planted, offered a constant variety of delightful views. You might see that this was a land, the dew of which Jehovah had blessed, in which the prayer of Isaac over Jacob had been fulfilled, when the patriarch said, “God give thee of the dew of heaven, and of the fatness of the earth, and plenty of corn and wine.” Helon drank of the pure, clear mountain stream, whose sparkling reflection seemed to him like a smile from a parent’s eyes on a returning wanderer, and thought the sweet water of the Nile, so praised by the Egyptians, could bear no comparison with it. Elisama reminded him of the words of the psalm:

Thou lookest down upon our land and waterest it,

And makest it full of sheaves.

The river of God is full of water.

Thou preparest corn and tillest the land,

Thou waterest its furrows and softenest its clods;

Thou moistenest it with showers, thou blessest its springing,

Thou crownest the year with thy blessing,

And thy footsteps drop fatness.

They drop upon the pastures of the wilderness,

And the hills are encompassed with rejoicing:

The pastures are clothed with flocks,

And the fields are covered with corn:

All shout for joy and sing.—Ps. lxxv.’

One prominent feature in the work is the very happy and apposite introduction of the songs of Zion. The reader will perceive that a different version has been adopted in rendering several passages of the Psalms; and we learn from the notes, that Dathe’s Latin version has been chiefly followed by the Author. The variations are not unfrequently great improvements on our authorized version, and, as exhibited by the Translator, these sacred odes appear with peculiar elegance. Whether the readings will in all cases bear the test of rigid criticism, is more than we can venture to decide. The follow-

ing scene recalls a passage in the Apocalypse (ch. xiv. 14, 15) which it may serve to illustrate.

‘ They remained together till the evening sacrifice, and Helon did not leave the temple till after it, in order that he might witness the ceremony of the wave sheaf. This is the commencement of harvest, which begins at the time of the Passover, with the barley, (in the warm valley of the Jordan still earlier,) and is finished about Pentecost, with the wheat. Every thing which concerned the people of Israel, the harvest especially, must begin and end with religious solemnity.

‘ At sunset, the citizens who had been appointed to cut the wave-sheaf by the Sanhedrim came down through the courts, accompanied by a great concourse of people, and Helon joined in the procession. They went to the nearest field of barley before the city : the sixteenth of Nisan was begun, and the evening star was already visible in the sky. The person who was appointed to reap asked aloud, “ Is the sun gone down ? ” The people who stood around answered, Yes.—“ Shall I cut. ” “ Yes. ”—“ With this sickle ? ” “ Yes. ”—“ In this basket ? ” “ Yes. ” The questions, thrice repeated, being thrice answered in the affirmative, he cut as much as would furnish an omer, and binding the sheaves together, carried them to the temple. The barley was there roasted by the fire, cleared from the husk, ground into meal, bolted thirteen times, and the omer (a measure containing about forty-three egg-shells) of the finest meal was kept till the following day.

‘ Helon, having witnessed this ceremony, reluctantly left the temple, and in his dreams seemed to live over again the events of this interesting day. The stately form of the high-priest seemed to be before him, and the sacred name upon his brow to shine with a lustre too dazzling for him to behold. Then he appeared to be in the crowd, urged by some irresistible but inexplicable impulse, to force his way amidst the waves of people, seeking something which he could not find, and examining every face, but without finding that of which he was in search. Again, he seemed to be beside the high-priest, and a feeling of unutterable joy spread through all his frame. His uncle appeared to him pale and sad, and beckoned him from the temple to the valley of Jehoshaphat, where he sat by his father’s tomb and wept. A graceful and lovely form stood by his side, and pointed towards the west ; he followed her, and as they went, she too turned pale and sighed. A murky, sultry atmosphere gathered around him ; the lightning struck a lofty cedar, the deadly vapour almost choked his breath, and he ran forward, a long and dreary way, without finding any resting-place. At length a star appeared, and twinkled on him with so mild a ray that his oppression was relieved and his cheerfulness returned. He looked around him, and found himself on the north-west side of the city, on a plain which he darkly remembered that Iddo had called Golgotha. In his astonishment he awoke.’

In the second volume, Helon is so powerfully impressed with

what he witnesses at the Passover, that he resolves to devote himself to the sacerdotal office. We shall make room for his examination before the Sanhedrim, and his subsequent initiation.

‘ Helon entered, with trembling steps, into the court of the Lord. The Sanhedrim was standing along with the course of priests for the week, in the court of the Priests, and the morning sacrifice was performed with the customary rites. As the priests on the pillars blew their trumpets at the pouring out of the drink offering, and the Levites sung on the fifteen steps, the sound of their voices and their instruments seemed to him like the call of Jehovah to him. “ To day,” thought he, “ I stand for the last time, as one of the people in the court of Israel; to-morrow I shall minister before the face of Jehovah!” When the sacrifice was over, the high-priest and the Sanhedrim withdrew into their hall of judgment. No meeting of this body was ever held for merely secular business, either on the sabbath or the day of preparation, but they often assembled to transact what related to the service of God.

‘ With deep emotion Helon entered the hall; it was one of the largest and most splendid of all which the courts of the temple contained. It lay partly in the court of the Priests and partly in that of Israel, and was called also Gazith, because it was paved with marble. There was an entrance from both courts, one called the Holy, the other the Common. In this all the courses of the priests were exchanged, and here the great council, or Sanhedrim, held its sittings.

‘ The Sanhedrim consisted of seventy-one persons, partly priests, partly Levites, partly elders. In extraordinary cases the elders from all the tribes were convoked, who then formed the great congregation. The high-priest occupied the place of president, and was seated at the western end; he bore the title of Nashi, or Chief. On his right sat the Ab-beth-din, Father of the Council, probably the most aged man among the elders, and on his left the Wise Man, probably the most experienced among the doctors of the law. The remaining sixty-eight sat in a half circle, on either side, with a secretary at the end of each row. As the three chief persons belonged respectively to the sacerdotal order, to the body of the citizens, and the profession of the law, so the remaining members were made up of these three elements. The twenty four courses of the priests were represented here by their heads; the elders were a deputation from the chiefs of families and of houses; the doctors of the law were the most learned of the Levites. The whole assembly was seated, with crossed feet, on cushions or carpets. The Sanhedrim was the supreme judicial and administrative court in Israel; every thing relating to the service of God, foreign relations, and matters of life and death, came under its cognizance. It was further their business to scrutinize every son of Aaron, who wished to enter as a priest into the service of Jehovah.

‘ Elisama entered the hall, attended by Helon. He announced the

name of the young man and of his father, and produced extracts from the registers, which ascertained the legitimacy of his birth.'

* * * * *

' Helon having undergone the necessary scrutiny, and having been found not only of pure descent, but free from all bodily infirmity, was committed to the care of one of the ministering Levites, and conducted by him into the vestry, which stood near the gate of Nicanor. Here the Levite put on him the white sacerdotal robes, which one of the same body had made. They consisted of drawers reaching to the leg, the under-garment fitting close to the body and descending to the ancles, woven of one piece without a joining or a seam; the girdle of four fingers' breadth, which went twice round the body, and, being tied in front, both ends hung down nearly to the feet; it was woven so as to resemble a serpent's skin, and embroidered with flowers, purple, dark blue, and crimson; lastly, the turban, which was wound firmly around the head in the form of a crown. The feet were bare.'

* * * * *

' The feast concluded early, for the course of Malchia had to prepare, on the evening before the sabbath, for entering upon its office. About the ninth hour, all labour had ceased, the trumpets had announced the sabbath, the Levites had baked the shew-bread, the twelve priests had carried it in solemn procession to the porch, and hence two of them had taken it into the holy place, and had deposited it upon the table of shew-bread; the old shew-bread had been removed, and the two censers of incense of the preceding week had been re-placed by two new ones. The rest of the priests and the Levites laid themselves down betimes to sleep. Helon could not sleep. The past and the future were both too interesting. A feeling of mingled joy and awe shot through his frame when he heard the bars of the temple gates closed, and found himself shut in within the sanctuary of Jehovah; it seemed as if he were here protected from every earthly evil, as if nothing could now prevent him from fulfilling the law of the Lord, and becoming complete in his obedience. Often was he disposed to have cried aloud, "Better is a day in thy courts than a thousand elsewhere!" At times lost in thought, at times wrapt in devotion, he passed the sleepless hours, while the priests slumbered around him. When he heard the step of the guard of Levites, in the court of the Gentiles, or when the guard of priests, as they went their rounds in the court of Israel, with lighted torches in their hands, approached the place where he lay, he envied the happy persons who were not only allowed, but whose duty it was, to traverse the courts and porticoes and palaces of the sanctuary, beneath the stars of heaven. When the two companies of the priests, uniting after their separate rounds, greeted each other with the words, "All is peace," the sounds came to his mind with a significance that was indescribable.

' At an early hour the watch came again to waken those who slept. The priests bathed themselves, and went to the vestry to put on

their robes. Next they assembled in the hall Gazith, to cast lots for the division of the offices for the day. The first lot, which decided who should cleanse the altar of burnt-offering from the ashes of the preceding day, fell upon Helon, to his great astonishment. Then followed the lots of those who were to sacrifice the lamb, to sprinkle the blood upon the altar, to trim the lamps, to bring the parts of the victims to the altar of burnt-offering, to burn incense in the holy place, &c.

‘ One of the priests now opened the curtain of the portico, and another the gate of Nicanor, and some of the Levites threw open the outer gates of the temple, that the children of Israel might enter. The crowing of the cock announced the time when the cleansing of the altar of burnt-offering was to take place. The priests called out to Helon, “ Beware of touching any vessel, before thou hast washed thy hands and feet and sanctified thyself.” He washed himself again, mounted with trembling steps the sloping ascent to the altar, which was fifteen cubits high. He cleared the burning coals from the ashes, and collected these in a heap at an appointed place. This was his first service as a priest. As he performed it, he could not help inwardly praying that the flame in his heart might in like manner be purified from every thing that made it burn dim.

‘ When the wood for the offering of that day had been prepared, and the watches and the singers chosen, after a short interval some of the priests exclaimed, “ Light, light!” the others replied, “ Is it light towards Hebron?” and when the question was answered in the affirmative, and the first beam of dawn struck upon the roof of the sanctuary, the chief of the course of priests exclaimed, “ Priests, to your duties! Levites, to your steps! Children of Israel, to your station!”

‘ The last words did not refer to the whole people of Israel, but only to the men of the Station, who represented the people at the sacrifice, in the same way as there were substitutes for the priests in the temple, chosen out of all the courses of priests. These substitutes of the people resided in Jerusalem, and were divided according to the twelve tribes.

‘ All hastened to their respective posts. The service of Jehovah began with the cleansing of the altar of incense in the holy place, and laying the wood on the altar of burnt-offering. A male lamb, of a year old, without blemish, was brought to the north side of the altar of burnt-offering; the men of the station laid their hands upon it, in the name of the people; one priest killed it, another received the blood, a third sprinkled the altar with it, while others first extinguished five of the lights in the seven-branched lamp in the holy place. Incense was then brought in and burnt upon the altar of incense, and the remaining lights extinguished.

‘ The sun had now risen: the pieces of the animal which had been killed, the usual meat-offering, as well as that which the high-priest offered daily, and that which Helon was to present, and the drink-offering, were all brought to the place between the altar of burnt-offering and the sanctuary, heaved before Jehovah, and then brought

to the opposite side of the altar. The pieces were sprinkled with salt, the Krischma was prayed, and the flesh laid upon the altar and offered as a burnt-offering to the Lord. The meat-offering which belonged to it was next burnt, and the high-priest's meat-offering followed. Helon had already heaved the offering, by which he renewed the priesthood in his family, and now brought it to the altar. It consisted of incense and the half of a tenth-deal of an epha of wheat-flour, baked in oil. He salted both, and then threw all the incense, but only a handful of the meal, into the fire; for all the rest belonged to the priests. Lastly, the drink-offering of wine was poured into a pipe, which ran from the altar to the brook Kedron, and the daily burnt-offering was closed. While the drink-offering was pouring out, the Levites played and sang upon the fifteen steps the 92d psalm, it being the sabbath day, and the two priests, upon the pillar near the altar, accompanied with their trumpets.

‘It is a good thing to give thanks unto Jehovah,
To sing praises unto thy name, O thou Most High,
To shew forth thy loving-kindness in the morning,
And thy faithfulness every night,
Upon an instrument of ten strings and upon the psaltery,
Upon the harp with a solemn sound.
For thou, Lord, makest me glad through thy work;
I will triumph in the works of thy hands.
O Lord, how great are thy works,
And thy thoughts are very deep!
A brutish man knoweth it not,
A fool doth not understand it.
Though the wicked spring as grass,
Though the workers of iniquity flourish,
Yet they shall be destroyed for ever.
But thou, Jehovah, art Most High for evermore.
For lo, thine enemies, O Lord,
Lo, thine enemies shall perish;
All the workers of iniquity shall be scattered.
But thou wilt exalt my horn as an unicorn's,
I am anointed with fresh oil;
Mine eyes shall see my desire on my enemies,
Mine ear shall hear it on the wicked that rise against me.
The righteous shall flourish like the palm-tree,
He shall grow like a cedar in Lebanon.
Those that are planted in the house of the Lord,
They flourish in the courts of our God.
They still bring forth fruit in old age,
They are fresh and full of sap:
To shew that Jehovah is upright.
He is my rock, and there is no unrighteousness in him. *Psal. xcii.*

We shall not pursue the sequel of the narrative. There is more incident in the second volume, and some of the scenes

will be found very interesting. To youthful readers especially, the work may be recommended as conveying a considerable variety of historical, topographical, and Biblical information in an elegant and pleasing form.

Art. V. *Il Pastore Incantato*, a Drama ; Pompeii, and other Poems.
By a Student of the Temple. 8vo. pp. 136. London. 1824.

IT augurs well of a youthful writer when he evinces a marked attachment to the great masters of British Song, and the best writers of the olden time. It indicates the course of training to which he has subjected himself, and shews that he possesses at least a pure and elegant taste. It is refreshing to turn from the mannerism, the sentimentality, and the affectation which pervade much of the poetry of the day, to the nervous diction and rich vein of sentiment of our elder bards. On this account, we were prepossessed in favour of this little volume, the production evidently of a youthful author, and bearing the marks of immaturity, but discovering that predilection for the classic models of English verse, which denotes a cultivated and an aspiring mind. There are other circumstances, too, connected with these poems, which must disarm criticism. From a modest and well-written preface, we gather that the Author's prospects have been overcast and his hopes disappointed, by a long continued affliction which threatened his life, and obliged him, at least for a season, to alter the course of his pursuits. The poems now before us, he says,

'are sent into the world merely to gratify—it may be the simple, but certainly the very natural desire of leaving something, however trivial, behind me, which may prolong my memory among those whom I have valued upon earth ; and I have rather chosen to construct this little funeral pile with my own hands, composed as it has been out of a larger collection of juvenile and long neglected materials, than to leave the care of them to any individual, whose partiality might have made him less sparing in the selection.'

After alluding to the affliction which, he says, 'seems likely to close upon' him 'at once, the doors both of life and of fame,' he thus affectingly apostrophizes the volume :

'But I have learned to submit. Go forth, then, flowers of my youth, and outlive, if ye may, the period allotted to your parent's existence. Your faded relics will at least furnish a chaplet for my tomb.'

The first and longest poem in the volume, "*Il Pastore Incantato*," or the Enchanted Shepherd, was avowedly designed,

and in great measure composed, on the model of Milton's *Comus*, 'that beautiful specimen of Doric excellence.' The incident which gave rise to it, was an attack of *incubus*, during an illness in which the Author was attended by three young relatives who make a conspicuous figure in the poem, and for whose pleasure this ingenious little drama was originally designed. The attack is fancied to be made by an evil spirit, Setebos, to whom permission is given, for one night in the year, to torment whom he would in the neighbourhood of the cave in which he is at all other times confined, and who takes this opportunity, through the agency of Hecate, of terrifying him in his sleep, in revenge for having interfered with the rites of his worship. The fancy of none but a poet, one would think, would thus have been prompted by so simple an incident. The *Dramatis Personæ* are, the Brother, supposed to be a shepherd, his three Sisters, the Guardian Spirit, Ariel, Setebos the Dæmon, Hecate, and Shepherds. The poem opens with a sonnet of the Sisters to the setting sun, in a beautiful island, where the Brother is confined by sickness, and whither the Sisters have followed to attend him. The Guardian Spirit is then heard in mid air, proclaiming the purpose of the mission on which he was sent :

' But now my errand lies to yon green Isle
Fixed in the Atlantic ; and best haste is due ;
For mark how Titan threatens his flaming steeds,
And they, ere now, have bathed their burning hoofs,
In th' Ocean flood—Evening comes on apace,
And Dian soon will crown the spangled night.
Down through the dusky air I swiftly shoot,
Following a meteor's track, whose lamp might guide,
If light were needful, my star-paved course.
And, lo ! beneath me sleeps th' enchanted shore :
How beautiful is th' island—it would seem
The labour of fairy hands, in happy hour,
Called by some master-spirit from the deep.
The rocks, the strand, wear such fantastic features,—
So like, and yet so unlike, Nature's moulding—
Such strange varieties of shape and colour,
In combination endless, lovely all,
That it reminds me of the abode of those
Whose mortal deeds have won immortal glory.
See now th' enamoured Lady of the Moon
Looks sweetest on yon slope facing the South,
And through rich clustering vines, with rubies hung,
That mantle a cave's mouth, peeps in to spy
The Shepherd Youth, whose genius I am.
This stripling youth, behoves it I should tell,

Tending long time his simple rural charge
 In this still vale—at best a shepherd seeming
 To casual eyes—yet such repute hath gained
 Of various learning, which true goodness heightens,
 Among the neighbouring hinds, who feed their flocks
 On these blue hills, that they far other deem
 His birth and parentage; and oft when eve
 To meditation prompts, they fold their sheep,
 And hither hie, to drink at wisdom's fount;
 For he will tell them of th' all-bounteous Pan;
 Of the starry train that watchful Hesper leads;
 Or of those herbs, fruits, flowers, medicinal,
 Which Earth's green lap adorn: these, and much more,
 With grateful interlude of voice or pipe,
 Their mountain melodies, have much endeared him
 To all the country round; but now, alas!
 Consuming thought has well-nigh snapped his stem,
 As some pretend, or the black noxious dew
 nipt his young bud.

* * * *

Nor is the worst yet told. In this same isle,
 Within the spent womb of an old volcano,
 Whose frightful cliffs, fire-scarred, in hideous forms,
 Through clinging ivy and vile scrambling weeds,
 Like haunted ruins frown, a dæmon dwells,
 Called Setebos, whom Sytorax adored.
 To this spot, by attraction, all things base,
 Grovelling, or venomous, which the soil produces,
 As to their wicked centre, nightly troop;
 And from the ragged entrails of the rocks,
 And hollow-eaten caverns, where they hive,
 An ugly swarm of uncouth things creep forth,
 To pay their homage to this deity.
 To night, the base-born god, by long prescript,
 Deduced from fabulous times, hath leave to roam
 The island through, and vex, or vent his spite,
 Where Jove permits, on man, beast, shrub, and tree;
 This brings me down; for well I know what deep
 Infixed antipathy there ever rankles
 Betwixt the evil and good, and therefore fear
 Some fresh attempt upon the innocent head
 Of him I guard, though it shall harmless prove.
 First will I fetch my round, and then attend
 Till Ariel comes, for whose light services
 I shall find much occasion ere morn break.'

The Guardian Spirit disappears, and Ariel is introduced, singing, of course, and announces the orders he has received. The scene is then changed to the volcanic cavern, where Setebos is represented, crowned with night-shade, uttering his

complaints in soliloquy, and denouncing vengeance against the young shepherd. The scene changes to a grotto, in which the Brother, reclined on a mossy couch, is uttering his disconsolate lament accompanied by a lute.

‘ When I reflect on my sad destiny,
And reckon up the ills that mar my lot,
How dark-browed Fate hath made my life a blot,
Turning its fair tide into one black sea,
Whereon my ill-starred bark hath gone to lee,
Ever in tempest tost, or else dead calm—
The seeming good still backed by certain harm—
Death ending all, and setting all things free—
I wonder not that men should love their graves,
As weary, o’er-done taskers love their bed,
Bidding glad welcome, like surcharged slaves,
To that kind friend who hath their ransom paid.
Much more, the valley-clods look sweet to those
Who find in death new life, and in heaven’s court repose.’

The three Sisters, who have been listening, in front of the grotto, to his querulous soliloquy, now enter, and find him asleep. In the mean time, Setebos has summoned Hecate to his aid, and is preparing his mischievous operations, when he suddenly finds his powers fail him. Hecate, however, undertakes to raise a storm, and inflict nightmare on the youth; but the Author has strangely neglected to give to that disorder a poetical shape and being, although Fuseli had drawn its likeness ready to his hand. While the youth is writhing under the power of the enchantment, to the great consternation of the Sisters, the Guardian Spirit enters in the guise of a hermit or leech, and summoning Ariel as his page, proceeds to the performance of certain rites which counterwork the spell. The Brother of course awakes, and, after a conversation between the mortals and the ethereals, the drama concludes.

In a composition of this slight texture, we must not look for originality of invention, or dramatic character. Ariel, it would be insufferable presumption to exhibit otherwise than as represented in the *Tempest*. There is but one Ariel in the world, and that is Shakspeare’s. All that can be expected is, that the poet should catch in some degree the spirit of his original, and please by successful imitation. How far the present attempt has been fortunate, our readers will judge. For the defective rhythm which sometimes occurs, the precedent of even Milton will be pleaded in vain. It requires a fine ear and much science to introduce discords with effect.

Pompeii, the second poem in the volume, appears to have been written as a college exercise. It is very creditable to

the Author's talents. The minor poems are unequal, but the volume is the promise of better things. The morbid feelings which are betrayed in the stanzas to Despair, and occasionally in some other poems, will, we trust, give way before returning health or the invigorating influence of the 'illuminated book' which healed the shepherd. The Writer expresses his hope of one day tuning his lyre

'To loftier theme and in a mood more pure.'

What should hinder his now attempting such themes and cultivating those loftier moods of feeling? Let him converse less with the gloomy images of death, and fix his mind more on the hope which he expresses in the epilogue to his volume:

'But when the Archangel trump's melodious cry
Rebuilds my fainting frame, I trust to raise
New songs with voice and lyre to Jesu's praise.'

Art. VI. *Songs of a Stranger*. By Louisa Stuart Costello. 8vo. pp. 158. London, 1825.

FROM the title of this volume, as well as from the Italian surname, one would infer that these are the songs of a foreign minstrel in a strange land. The poetry, however, is pure English, and there is nothing exotic about it. Is not the Writer afraid, however, of being set down as a strange lady?

Many of these songs are certainly very elegant,—an epithet which we use with the full persuasion that the Author will consider it as the highest praise we could bestow. The following, which has been set to music by Linley, has the spirit of a classic epigram.

'I will not ask one glance from thee,
Lest, fondly, I should linger yet,
And all thy scorn and cruelty
In that entrancing glance forget.

'I may not, dare not hear thee speak
In music's most persuasive tone,
Lest the sweet sound to joy awake,
And I forget 'tis sound alone.'

The Spirit's Song has a sylphic sportiveness about it.

'Tis thy Spirit calls thee—come away!
I have sought thee through the weary day,
I have dived in the glassy stream for thee—
I have gone wherever a spirit might be:

' In the earth, where di'monds hide,
In the deep, where pearls abide,
In the air, where rainbows, glancing gay,
Smile the tears of the sun away,

' I have wandered ; 'mid the starry zone,
Through a world by spirits only known,
Where 'tis bliss to sail in that balmy air ;
But to me 'twas joyless till thou wert there.

' I traced the footsteps of the fawn
As it bounded over the dewy lawn ;
For the print it left was so light and fair,
I deem'd thy step had linger'd there.

' I heard a sound of melody—
Sad and sweet as thy tender sigh ;
'Twas the night-bird's tone, but it smote my ear,
For I thought thy own soft voice to hear.

' I see a form—it is gliding on,
Like a cloud that sails in the sky alone,
And the stars gleam through its veil of white—
Oh ! can it be aught of earth, so bright :
It beckons me on to my airy home—
My own lov'd spirit !—I come ! I come !' pp. 21, 2.

The next poem, however, is worth all the spirit's songs and love songs in the volume.

' TO MY MOTHER.

' Yes, I have sung of others' woes,
Until they almost seem'd mine own,
And Fancy oft will scenes disclose
Whose being was in thought alone :

' Her magic power I've cherished long,
And yielded to her soothing sway ;
Enchanting is her syren song,
And wild and wond'rous is her way.

' But thou—whene'er I think on thee,
Those glittering visions fade away ;
My soul awakes, how tenderly !
'T'o pleasures that can ne'er decay.

' There's not an hour of life goes by
But makes thee still more firmly dear ;
My sighs attend upon thy sigh,
My sorrows wait upon thy tear :

' For earth has nought so good, so pure,
That may compare with love like thine—
Long as existence shall endure,
Thy star of guiding love shall shine !

' O'er other stars dark clouds may lower,
 And from our path their light may sever—
 They lived to bless us but an hour,
 But thine shall live to bless us ever !' pp. 23, 4.

' The First Discovery of Columbus,' the Hunter of Uruguay to his Love,' the ' Song of the Crew of Diaz,' and a few more might be particularized as poems of a very picturesque and lyrical character. The first of these has, we think, very high merit: it is a genuine ballad,

' " The howling winds forbid us to trust the fatal main,
 Oh, turn our wand'ring vessel to harbour once again !
 Why to this ' bold Italian' our lives, our hopes confide ?
 No golden land awaits us beyond the shoreless tide.
 How long shall he deceive us with boasting, vain and loud ?
 And when we gaze for land he can show us but a cloud !"

' The gallant leader heard ; but he listened undismay'd,
 Though he saw their furious glances, and their daggers half display'd ;
 No fear was in his soul—but his heart was wrung with woe—
 Shall he quail before their murmurs, and his glorious meed forego ?
 Had he braved the ocean's terrors in tempest and in night—
 And shall he furl his sails with the promised goal in sight ?
 For he look'd tow'rds the horizon and mark'd the setting sun ;
 And by its ruddy light he knew his toil was done.

' 'Twas in the deepest midnight, as they cut the yielding wave,
 When not a star was shining to guide them, or to save—
 As in awful, hopeless silence their onward course they steer,
 Far in the murky distance—lo ! glimmering lights appear !

' In breathless joy and wonder they watch the opening sky ;
 And with the morning rises their rapturous certainty :
 Through the silvery vapour gleaming extends the welcome strand,
 And trees, and rocks, and mountains, before their view expand :
 They breast the foaming surges, and shouting leap to shore,
 While every echo answers, " God, and Saint Salvador !" ' pp. 105, 6.

We must rifle the volume of one more poem, entitled ' Colabah, the Camel Seeker : ' if all the allusions should not be understood by the reader, Miss Costello refers them to the Koran.

' " Return ! return ! where dost thou stray—
 Where hide thee from my sight ?
 I have wandered all the burning day,
 And through the shades of night :—
 Amidst the Winding Sands I go,
 And call to thee in vain :
 And see before me, rising slow,
 The ' vapour of the plain.'

' As I hopeless tread, with eager haste,
Along the wild and scorching waste,
The purple haze comes on :
Around upon the air it flings
Destruction from its rainbow wings,
And warns me to be gone.

' My faithless favourite ! ah why
Led'st thou thy master here to die !
Among my children was thy place,
Whose tears thy loss deplore :—
Though thou hadst been of heavenly race,
We had not prized thee more ;—
Though thou wert stately, pure, and fair,
As she who came at Saleh's prayer.

' Methinks I hear the warning cry
Of Dûma in the air,
Who calls upon me sullenly—
' Thy hour is nigh, prepare ! ' '

' Thus Colabah, the Arab, strayed,
With toil and grief opprest,
Till, 'midst a cavern's awful shade
He cast him down to rest,
And to the Desert Spirit prayed
That his visions might be blest :
He lay in slumber heavy and deep,
And a dream came over his troubled sleep.

' He thought in the cavern's murky gloom
A single ray was shed,
Like the light that glimmers in a tomb
Beside the unconscious dead :
And by that dim, uncertain light
He traced a vaulted way,
That frown'd in the dismal hues of night,
While all beyond was day ;
And there, 'midst skies of purest blue,
Were shadows and shapes of things—
But he could not mark their form or hue,
For the flashing of golden wings ;
And voices sounded in melody,
But he knew not what they sung,
For even the breeze of that lovely sky
With answering music rung.

' He started from that fairy dream,
And gazed through the gloom around ;—
Behold ! 'tis there, the lonely gleam,—
And, hark ! 'tis the magic sound !

It beckons to yonder land of light,
 That spreads before his eager sight !
 But all the glories who may tell,
 That favour'd Arab that befell ?
 As he roved through Iram's radiant bowers,
 'Midst glowing fruits and perfumed flowers ;
 By a stream of liquid pearl, whose bed
 Of musk with emeralds was spread,
 And rubies, whose unclouded light
 Made the sparkling tide more bright ;
 By whose banks, of varied hue,
 Trees, whose leaves were jewels, grew ;
 And the bells of gold that amidst them hung
 On the wakening breeze soft music flung ;
 And lovely forms were flitting by,
 Like scattered pearls so fair,
 But the lustre of each large black eye
 Met his gaze unconsciously,
 Nor mark'd as Colabah drew nigh :
 And all he look'd on there,
 Though bright, and glowing, and rich it gleam'd,
 Was but the shadow of what it seem'd.

' To him the stream was as the land—
 The flowers, the fruit, shrunk from his hand,
 Nor aught opposed his way ;
 But while he lingered in rapt surprise,
 The hues grew pale to his dazzled eyes,
 And all was silvery gray :
 The forms were dim—and, one by one,
 They faded, till each trace was gone ;
 And where that lovely land had been,
 The waste of the Winding Sands were seen !
 And Colabah with joy descried
 His wandering camel by his side.

* * * *

* * * * *

' Oft, since that time, at the pensive hour,
 When slowly waned the day,
 And in worship of the Prince of Power
 The prostrate shadows lay,
 The Arab told, in Shedad's bowers
 The wonders that befell ;—
 How soft the tints of Iram's flowers,—
 How fair the maids who dwell
 In those eternal groves of light :
 Pure as Zohara's eyes of night,
 When on the erring sons of Heaven
 They shot a mournful ray,

That told their crime was unforgiven—
Then fled from their gaze away :
Leaving the earth they dared prefer,
A ray of the Paradise lost for her !

There is an obscurity in the last verse, and some of the allusions are somewhat too recondite ; but altogether, this is a beautiful poem, and does great credit to the writer's taste and fancy.

Art. VII. *Familiar Illustrations of the principal Evidences and Design of Christianity.* By Maria Hack. 18mo. pp. 322. Price 3s. London. 1824.

TO instruct the young and uninformed into the evidences of Christianity, without disturbing their ingenuous confidence in its truth or their implicit reverence for its authority, is a delicate but a very important duty. That the credibility of Revelation should stand in need of proof, is a startling idea to one who has been, from a child, taught to read and love the Scriptures ; and how satisfactorily soever the infidel arguments may successively be disposed of, there is danger lest the abiding impression left on the mind by such discussions should be, that there is an infidel side of the question, and that there exists room for doubt. The vibration from implicit belief to a vague scepticism, in the uninformed, is extremely natural ; so that the greatest care requires to be taken in preparing the mind beforehand to appreciate the force of evidence, as well as in engaging the affections on the side of religion, before the understanding is taught to erect itself into an umpire in the controversy which respects the very foundation of faith. We have sometimes heard infidel statements and objections brought forward in the pulpit for the purpose of refutation, which were, in all probability, new to more than nine tenths of the congregation, and refuted in a style adapted to create more doubts than it satisfied, inasmuch as the doubts were on a level with every capacity, but the moral evidence, the logical deductions, or complex historical argument opposed to the sceptical objections, demanded attention and previous training. Yet, the very danger we are referring to, that the uninformed mind, when set loose from implicit faith, should pass into the opposite state of total scepticism, affords the strongest reason for supplying the knowledge by which alone young persons, more especially, can be fortified against the temptation to disbelieve. Assuredly, there is a way of exhibiting the evidence of Revelation, and of training the understanding to perceive the force of that evidence, that

shall run no risk of disturbing the quiet persuasion of honest though it may be not very enlightened believers, or of giving birth to a train of painful or unholy surmises in the young inquirer.

We are much pleased to find that Mrs. Hack, whose former publications have already obtained our recommendation, has been led by views similar to our own on this subject, to undertake the present little work. After citing in the preface the remark of Dr. Doddridge, that children ought to be taught in the most familiar way, the evidences of the truth of Christianity, she adds :

‘ I am not aware that any one has yet attempted to present such a view of the credibility of our religion, as may address itself to the understanding and affections during that important interval, in which the force of evidence may be perceived, though the judgment has not acquired sufficient maturity to read, without hazard, those excellent works which necessarily contain replies to the specious objections of infidels. Wit and ridicule may seize the imagination, while the plain and cogent defence of truth is disregarded.

‘ A persuasion of the magnitude of this danger, and a belief that we ought not to require our children to receive, implicitly on the credit of their teachers, a religion which rests on the solid foundation of fact and historical evidence, induced the writer to make the following attempt. But, after having spared neither time nor pains to effect her purpose, she is painfully conscious that this little work still falls very short of what she desired to render it. The point which has been aimed at cannot be placed in a stronger light than in the words of Hannah More :

‘ “ Instruct them in the way that shall interest their feelings, by lively images, and by a warm practical application of what they read to their own hearts and circumstances. There seems to be no good reason, that while every other thing is to be made amusing, Religion alone must be dry and uninviting. Do not fancy that a thing is good merely because it is dull. Why should not the most entertaining powers of the human mind be supremely consecrated to that subject which is most worthy of their full exercise ? The misfortune is, that religious learning is too often rather considered as an act of the memory than of the heart and feelings, and that children are turned over to the dry work of getting by rote as a task, that which they should get from example and animated conversation, or from lively discussion, in which the pupil should learn to bear a part.”

‘ The writer certainly never expected to fill up such an outline as this ; but she hoped that a work, combining a short and simple view of the Evidences and Design of Christianity, with such information as is generally most interesting to young persons, would not only be acceptable but useful. It is a point gained, to convince them that religion is not a *detached* thing—the dry employment of hours in

which other studies are prohibited ; but that it is calculated to give a deeper interest to the most agreeable exercise of the intellectual faculties. If once their favourable attention can be fixed to the subject, we may hope that the strength of evidence will establish a conviction of the Divine authority of Christianity. But should we succeed thus far, we shall feel that much yet remains to be done, which neither books nor parental instruction can accomplish. To produce an effectual, personal application to the heart and life,

“ The STILL SMALL VOICE is wanted. He must speak,
Whose word leaps forth at once to its effect ;
Who calls for things that are not, and they come.”

pp. iv.—vii.

The volume contains six chapters, comprising familiar conversations between a mother and her children on the following topics : I. Introduction. Duty of Inquiry. II. On the sufferings of the Early Christians.—Evidence supplied by their voluntary sufferings and fortitude. III. On the Evidence of Miracles. IV. On the Evidence from Prophecy. V. Historical Illustrations of the Prophecy of our Lord respecting Jerusalem. VI. On the Nature and Effects of Faith. Mrs. Hack is, we hope, too well known to our readers as a writer, to render it necessary that we should cite any paragraphs from the present volume as specimens of her very pleasing and perspicuous style : but the following extract from the Introduction will serve to explain still more distinctly her design in the present work, which we very strongly recommend to all parents and teachers as both a medium and a model of admirable religious instruction.

“ But, mamma, do you think that *children* can be much to blame for not understanding these things ?”

“ The blame is in exact proportion to the means of knowledge afforded them. *You*, my child, are without excuse, and carelessness on this subject would in you be a crime ; because you have seen in the works of creation, such evident proofs of the wisdom and goodness of God, that you are become in some degree acquainted with his character. In the Bible he offers you the means of knowing more—of becoming better informed respecting his intentions towards mankind, and their duty towards him : and will he not be justly offended with all who slight so great a favour ?”

“ I should think so ; but such knowledge seems very difficult.”

“ Not so difficult as you imagine, if due attention be given to the subject. An infant does not know its right hand from its left ; it has no idea of good or evil ; but, as it grows strong enough to make use of its powers of mind and body, they are gradually developed. You have long passed this infant state : for some years you have been capable of perceiving the reason of many things, of recollecting your own conduct and reflecting upon it. You are now an

accountable creature, capable of understanding the reasons we have for believing Christianity to be a Divine revelation ; it is therefore manifestly your duty to examine the evidences of our holy religion, *that you may know for yourself the certainty of those things in which you have been instructed.*"

' The conversation we have related made a deep impression on the mind of Harry. He renewed the subject at tea-time, by asking his mother whether she thought any other people had undergone such cruel treatment as the Waldenses ?

' " Yes," replied she, " I have read of a people whose simplicity of character, zeal in propagating their religion, and constancy under suffering, very much resembled what we have heard of the inhabitants of the valleys."

' Harry expressed a great desire to know something of the people to whom his mother alluded, and she promised to gratify his curiosity after tea. When the room was cleared, she took up a Testament that was lying on the sofa, saying ; " We shall find the best account of them *here.*"

' " Surely you cannot mean that the Apostles resembled the Waldenses !"

' " Let St. Paul speak for himself," replied Mrs. Beaufoy, turning to the eleventh chapter of his Second Epistle to the Corinthians, from which she read the following passage :

' Of the Jews five times received I forty stripes save one. Thrice was I beaten with rods, once was I stoned, thrice I suffered shipwreck, a night and a day I have been in the deep. In journeyings often, in perils of water, in perils of robbers, in perils by mine own countrymen, in perils by the heathen, in perils in the city, in perils in the wilderness, in perils in the sea, in perils among false brethren ; In weariness and painfulness, in watchings often, in hunger and thirst, in fastings often, in cold and nakedness.

' " Perhaps you may think, my dear Harry, that these sufferings were peculiar to St. Paul ; but such trials were then common, as we learn from the First Epistle of Peter, who exhorts the Christians in Asia Minor not to be discouraged by them, *as though some strange thing had happened.* He also charges them to be careful not to suffer for any crime or misconduct, but, if they suffered *as Christians*, not to be ashamed, rather accounting it a happiness to be reproached for the name of Christ."

' " But if the Christians did not break the laws, or give any just cause of offence, I cannot understand why they should be exposed to such general persecution. Were the Romans cruel to every body who did not profess their religion ?"

' " On the contrary, they were, in general, remarkably tolerant to the religious prejudices of the inhabitants of those countries which were subjected to their dominion. It was not from the Romans, but from the unbelieving Jews, that the Christians first received the unjust and cruel treatment described and alluded to in the Acts and in the Epistles. Afterwards, indeed, the Roman government showed

itself hostile to the new religion; but some of the ancient fathers affirm that Nero was the first emperor who persecuted the Christians. Be this as it may, we certainly know, and from other sources of information besides the New Testament, that great numbers of the first Christians passed their lives in labours, dangers, and sufferings*, similar to those which were experienced by St. Paul. This was one of the wise appointments of Providence, for which we have reason to be very thankful."

"Oh! mamma: when innocent people were shamefully treated? Surely this is a strange cause for thankfulness."

"It does appear very strange, I confess: but are you not aware that it is of the utmost importance for us to be quite sure that our religion is true?"

"Certainly: I never thought of doubting the truth of it; but these shocking sufferings of good people for the sake of religion, are very puzzling."

"We are apt to doubt of things that puzzle us," replied Mrs. Beaufoy; "and therefore, in an affair so important as religion, it is necessary for us to endeavour to understand the true reason of those appointments which at first sight do not seem agreeable to the just government of Providence."

"And that," said Harry, "is the very thing I wish you to explain to me."

"Well then, let me ask you, whether it is likely that the Son of God could come down from heaven, and suffer upon earth for the salvation of men, without some very wonderful circumstances attending such a transaction?"

"Certainly not: because the thing itself is so very astonishing. It appears more surprising the longer I think about it."

"And are we not naturally inclined to doubt an astonishing story, unless we have very good reason for believing it to be true? We might, however, be inclined to believe it, if we heard it from persons of good character, who declared that they witnessed the transaction. But if, in order to attest the truth of the story, it was necessary for these persons to expose themselves to a great deal of mortification and ill-treatment; and if, notwithstanding this, they were all to persist in giving the same account of what had happened, it seems to me impossible not to believe them."

"I think so too," said Harry, "if we can be quite sure that they were not mistaken."

"Undoubtedly that is a point which ought to be determined, before we give credit to any event out of the common course of nature; and it is our business to examine whether it was possible for the witnesses to be deceived. The first Christians united in asserting a most astonishing fact: they were poor, illiterate men, possessing neither talents nor influence to give them credit with their countrymen; but they were quite sure of what they had seen with their own eyes; and,

* Paley's Evidences, chap. ii.

rather than conceal or deny the truth, they willingly submitted to the greatest dangers and sufferings—not of a transient nature, but protracted through a long course of years; many of them even laying down their lives in support of this singular assertion.”

“ I thought, mamma, they were persecuted for being Christians, not for asserting any particular fact.”

“ But what was it made them Christians, and gave them courage to do all this? When our Lord was taken prisoner, his disciples forsook him and fled:—what changed their timid nature, and made them as bold as lions?”

“ I am sure,” said Harry, “ I cannot tell.”

“ The disciples were alarmed and dispirited by what appeared to them the melancholy fate of their Master. Partaking of the worldly views and expectations of the rest of their countrymen, they had indulged the sanguine hope, that their Lord would *restore the Kingdom to Israel*: that is, that he would re establish the Jews as an independent nation, and reign over them as a temporal prince: it was therefore natural that his painful and ignominious death should fill them with disappointment and despair. But when *he was declared to be the son of God by his resurrection from the dead*; when he had opened their understandings to comprehend what was *written in the law of Moses, and the Prophets, and the Psalms, concerning him*; they perceived that his sufferings were a necessary part of the scheme of Divine Providence, and that his kingdom was a spiritual dominion in the hearts of men. At length they saw him visibly ascending into heaven; and being now resolved to bear their testimony to the glorious truths they were commissioned to proclaim, they returned to Jerusalem. Their first anxiety was to repair the breach made in their little company by the treachery of Judas; and they chose from among the disciples, one of those who from the first had been attendant on their Master, for the express purpose of being *a witness with them of his resurrection*. This was the important fact which became the subject of their preaching, and the foundation of the Christian religion. *If Christ be not raised, says St. Paul, your faith is vain.*” pp. 18—31.

Art. VIII. *Memoirs of Catherine Brown, a Christian Indian of the Cherokee Nation.* By Rufus Anderson, A.M. Assistant Secretary of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions. 18mo. pp. 144. Price 2s. London, 1825.

THE subject of this memoir was the first fruits of the American Mission to the Cherokee Indians, inhabiting the state of Alabama. Except a few desultory efforts, nothing had been done towards the evangelizing of this nation till, in the year 1816, a missionary sent out by the American Board proposed, at a general council of the Cherokees, to establish schools among them; which offer was favourably received, and

a school was opened in the following spring. Information of this soon spread through the nation, and this young woman, whose Indian name is not mentioned, the daughter of two half-breed Indians, then living at the distance of a hundred miles from the station, besought her parents to send her to the mission school. Her request was complied with, and in July 1817, she was brought to the school: she was then between seventeen and eighteen years of age. Some time before this, it appears, 'while residing at the house of a Cherokee friend, she had learned to speak the English language, and to read words of one syllable.' Her desire after further instruction, therefore, is easily accounted for. In sixty days after entering the school, she learned to read intelligibly, and in another month, was able to read as well as most persons of common education.

'When she entered the school, her knowledge on religious subjects was exceedingly vague and defective. Her ideas of God extended little further than the contemplation of him as a great Being existing somewhere in the sky; and her conceptions of a future state were quite undefined. Of the Saviour of the world, she had no knowledge. She supposed that the Cherokees were a different race from the whites, and therefore had no concern in the white people's religion; and it was some time before she could be convinced that Jesus Christ came into the world to die for the Cherokees.'

Her parents, it seems, were not altogether without religious ideas. The father believed in a Supreme Being and a future state of rewards and punishments. The religious knowledge of the mother, the Writer says, '*probably* did not exceed' that of the husband; but, from her attention to 'neatness and good order, and the duties of domestic life,' we think it more probable that it did. In general, half-breeds are the most degraded members of the community to which they belong; but the parents of Catherine appear to have been of a superior stamp, and it is to be regretted that the Writer of the memoir did not inform himself more particularly respecting their history. The moral character of their daughter is said to have been irreproachable; and this, it is added,

'is the more remarkable, considering the looseness of manners then prevalent among the females of her nation, and the temptations to which she was exposed, when, during the war with the Creek Indians, the army of the United States was stationed near her father's residence. Were it proper to narrate some well authenticated facts, with reference to this part of her history, the mind of the reader would be filled with admiration of her heroic virtue, and especially of the protecting care of Providence. Once, she even forsook her

home, and fled into the wild forest to preserve her character unsullied.'

Why it should have been deemed improper to narrate well authenticated facts, we cannot imagine: facts are what we look for in a memoir. The Writer, in the next paragraph, represents Catherine as nevertheless 'without any clear idea of morality.' 'Strange,' he adds, 'that so great a sense of character should then have influenced her resolutions.' But surely, a great sense of character implies much clearer ideas of morality than many young women possess, who have been brought up in Christian countries and in civilized society; and it is evident, that this young woman must have acquired some very clear ideas on the subject.

At the beginning of the year 1818, her father came to take her home. 'He expressed entire satisfaction with the treatment she had received at the school, but said, he contemplated removing beyond the Mississippi, and wished to have her with him.' Before she left Brainerd, however, she was admitted to the rite of Baptism, being the first Indian baptized by the missionaries of the Board. Since then, 'above a hundred adult Cherokees have received the same ordinance.' It has not been common, Mr. Anderson remarks, for missionary stations among Pagans to be so early favoured with seeing the fruits of their labours.

'But among the Indians of North America, who have not incorporated the worst vices of civilized life with their own, the preacher of the Gospel has some peculiar advantages. They possess not, as do most heathen nations, a complicated system of false religion, transmitted from their fathers, which must be overthrown before the Gospel can prevail. They are, to a great extent, "without a sacrifice, and without an image, and without an ephod, and without a teraphim." There is scarcely any thing among the Indians themselves to oppose the prevalence of the Gospel, except their unfortified ignorance and depravity. The greatest obstacles to missionary success among them, arise from a foreign influence, industriously and sometimes powerfully exerted.'

It would have added not a little to the interest of this memoir, had the present state of the Cherokee Indians been more distinctly adverted to. When, two months after her baptism, Catherine returned to Brainerd, and was admitted to the Lord's Supper, seven of the communicants were Cherokees. Of these seven at least some account might have been given. Of Catherine herself at this period, it is said, that she would not have been distinguished, in a New England boarding-school, from well educated females of the same age, 'either by her com-

'plexion, features, dress, pronunciation, or manners.' As her complexion and features could not have undergone any change, this circumstance, if she was really the offspring of Cherokees, demanded explanation. Her parents are said never to have learned to speak English; yet, when 'Mr. Brown' (was this his Indian name?) brought his children back to Brainerd in 1820, he delivered to the missionaries an English letter, signed by himself and others, head men and chiefs. At least it is not said to be a translation.

Let it not be thought that we make these remarks in the spirit of captious criticism. As far as the example of Catherine Brown is concerned, these particulars may seem of little consequence; and if this tract is designed, as we suppose, to circulate among Sunday-school children and other young persons, the omissions and inaccuracies we have adverted to, will not affect its useful tendency. But such publications find their way into other hands; and at a time like the present, when so many attempts are made, in different quarters, to bring the reports of missionaries into suspicion, and to decry the efficiency of their labours, it certainly becomes very important that no publication, however small, should be put forth with the sanction of a Board, or the Secretary to a Board, containing statements affecting the authenticity of the narrative. We have no doubt that a satisfactory explanation might be given, and that the memoir is quite correct as far as the Writer's information went; but, as a missionary document, in which light it will be considered, it is very imperfect. Nor do we think that either the Letters or the Diary are sufficiently marked by any characteristic traits to warrant their being made public. In the account of her death, this young Cherokee convert is termed a 'lovely saint,' and she is described as falling asleep in the arms of her Saviour. We strongly object to this phraseology: it is at least in bad taste.

Art. IX. *The Substance of a Journal during a Residence at the Red River Colony, British North America; and frequent Excursions among the North-West American Indians, in the years 1820—23.* By John West, M.A. Late Chaplain to the Hon. the Hudson's Bay Company. 8vo. pp. 210. Price 8s. 6d. London. 1824.

THE Author of this Journal sailed for the Red River Colony in May, 1820, and arrived off York Flatts on the 14th of August following. On the 14th of October, he proceeded to the settlement, and he thus describes its appearance on his arrival. He found it to consist of a number of huts widely

scattered along the margin of the Red River. 'In vain,' he says,

• did I look for a cluster of cottages, where the hum of a small population at least might be heard as in a village. I saw but few marks of human industry in the cultivation of the soil. Almost every inhabitant we passed bore a gun upon his shoulder, and all appeared in a wild and hunter-like state. The colonists were a compound of individuals of various countries. They were principally Canadians, and Germans of the Meuron regiment, who were discharged in Canada at the conclusion of the American war, and were mostly Catholics. There was a large population of Scotch emigrants also, who with some retired servants of the Hudson's Bay Company were chiefly Protestants, and by far the most industrious in agricultural pursuits. There was an unfinished building as a Catholic church, and a small house adjoining, the residence of the Priest; but no Protestant manse, church, or school-house, which obliged me to take up my abode at the Colony Fort, (Fort Douglas,) where the 'Chargé d'Affaires' of the settlement resided; and who kindly afforded the accommodation of a room for divine worship on the sabbath. My ministry was generally well attended by the settlers; and soon after my arrival I got a log-house repaired about three miles below the Fort, among the Scotch population, where the school-master took up his abode, and began teaching from twenty to twenty-five of the children.

'Nov. the 8th.—The river was frozen over, and the winter set in with severity. Many were harnessing and trying their dogs in sledges, with a view to *trip* to Pembina, a distance of about seventy miles, or to the Hunters' tents, on the plains, for buffalo meat. The journey generally takes them a fortnight, or sometimes more, before they return to the settlement with provisions; and this rambling and uncertain mode of obtaining subsistence in their necessity, (the locusts having then destroyed their crops,) has given the settlers a fondness for *tripping*, to the neglect of improving their dwellings and their farms. The dogs used on these occasions, and for travelling in carioles over the snow, strongly resemble the wolf in size, and frequently in colour. They have pointed noses, small sharp ears, long bushy tails, and a savage aspect. They never bark, but set up a fierce growl, and when numerous about a Fort, their howling is truly melancholy. A doubt can no longer exist, that the dogs brought to the interior of these wilds by Europeans, engendered with the wolf, and produced these dogs in common use. They have no attachment, and destroy all domestic animals. They are lashed to a sledge, and are often *brutally* driven to travel thirty or forty miles a day, dragging after them a load of three or four hundred pounds weight. When fat, they are eaten by the Canadians as a great delicacy; and are generally presented by the Indians at their feasts.'

A more cheerless scene of missionary enterprise can hardly be imagined. But the Romish Church had already her ministers in this distant region; and Mr. West had to encounter

the opposition of the Canadian priests in circulating the Scriptures among the colonists. The zeal of that corrupt church may well provoke Protestants to emulation. These priests, when applied to by some German colonists who were Catholics, to solemnize their marriage to some Swiss emigrants, refused, because their intended wives were Protestants. These prejudices, Mr. West remarks, must tend to weaken, in the minds of the colonists, the moral obligation of that contract, which has been justly represented as 'the parent, not the child of civil society.'

'I have known,' he adds, 'the priests refuse to marry the parties of the above different persuasions, at the time they were cohabiting together; as though it were better for them to live in fornication, than that they should violate the rigid statutes of the Papal see.'

Does not this shew the evil, however, of making the contract depend for its validity on any ecclesiastical sanction? Has not a similar spirit been manifested in our own day and in our own country by Protestant priests? That 'the sanction of religion should be superadded,'—that this is highly desirable where it can be obtained, we freely admit; but, as a civil contract, the administration of it ought not to depend on the presence, much less on the caprice of either Romish or Protestant priest. Were the Scotch practice in this respect extended to our colonies, many jealousies might be obviated, and legal marriages would not require to be deferred.

Mr. West had given a French Testament to one of the Canadians, and had written on the cover, under the man's name, *Sondez les Ecritures. S. Jean, v. 39.* A priest borrowed the book of the man, and returned it with the following comment on the inscription.

'Lisez avec soin les Ecritures, mais ne les expliquez point d'après vos lumieres. Si quelqu'un n'écoute pas L'Eglise, regardez le comme un païen et un publicain. Matt. xviii. 17. Dans ce livre, on ne dit pas un mot de la penitence qui afflige le corps. Cependant il est de foi, qu'elle est absolument necessaire au salut après le péché. C'est à l'Eglise de J. C. qu'il appartient de determiner le sens des Ecritures.'

Where does the Church obtain this knowledge which enables her to determine the sense of Scripture? A Catholic to whom Mr. West had given a Bible at his own request, on being asked by the priest to give it up, refused with this pointed question: 'Whence, Sir, do you get your knowledge of religion?' The admission is an ingenuous one, however, which is contained in the above extract. 'In this book, there is not a word about bodily penance.' But, argues the priest, 'it is an

' article of faith, that bodily penance is absolutely necessary for salvation; therefore the Scriptures do not teach all that is necessary to salvation.' Such is the genuine argument of the Church of Rome against the sufficiency of the Scriptures. And the ground on which it excommunicates all Protestants, is equally clear: they 'refuse to hear the Church!'

Mr. West had the satisfaction, during a three years' residence, not only to see 'the first little Christian church with a steeple of wood, rise amid these wilds,' and 'to hear the sound of the first sabbath bell that had tolled here since the creation,'—but to see the Sunday school attended by nearly fifty scholars, including adults, independently of the Indian children, the congregation averaging from one hundred to one hundred and thirty persons, and to attend an anniversary of a Bible Society established in this remote dependency of the Empire. It is indeed high time that the religious condition of our colonies should occupy the attention of the British Government. The Russians, we are told, are establishing schools for the education of half-cast children and the natives in their factories on the North West Coast.

'A gentleman,' says Mr. West, 'informed me that he saw, at their establishment at Norfolk Sound, a priest and a schoolmaster, who were teaching the children, and instructing the natives, not as the Spanish priests do, at Fort St. Francisco, in South America, by taking them by force, and compelling them to go through the forms and ceremonies of *their* religion, but by mild persuasion and conviction; and the report of their success in general is, that a considerable number of savages of the Polar Regions have been converted to Christianity.'

Two different supplies of copies of the Scriptures in the Slavonian and modern Russ languages, have been forwarded for the use of the settlements by the Russian Bible Society.

Some interesting particulars are furnished by Mr. West with regard to the Indians. He bears testimony to the energy and pathos of their wild oratory, of which he gives two specimens. A Chippeway was relating the massacre of his son by the Sioux Indians. Laying his hand upon his heart, he exclaimed: 'It is *here* I am affected, and feel my loss.' Then, raising his hand above his head, he added: 'The spirit of my son cries for vengeance: it must be appeased. His bones lie on the ground uncovered. Give us powder and ball, and we will go and revenge his death upon our enemies.' The other specimen is in a higher strain: 'We were born on this ground; our fathers lie buried in it; shall we say to the bones of our fathers, Arise and come with us into a foreign land?'